

FROM ZOO TO FREEDOM By Cleland Scott

APR 23 1948

COUNTRY LIFE

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APRIL 9, 1948

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MISCELLANEOUS

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SITUATIONS

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between the ages of 18 and 50 inc., or a woman between the ages of 18 and 40 inc., unless he or she is excepted from the provisions of The Control of Engagement Order 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provisions of that Order.

VACANT

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S OUTH CORNWALL, PENDOWER HOTEL, Ruan High Lanes, near Truro, for quiet holidays. Large garden, with path to private beach and bathing pool in Gerrans Bay. A comfortable, well-appointed hotel, where the cooking is excellent.

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HOTELS AND GUESTS

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H ACKING Coat, brown check, Trousers to match, never worn, suit man 5 ft. 10½ in., 40 in. chest, 35 in. waist, no coupons, 20 guineas or near. Also 3¼ yards super quality West of England dark brown Suiting, no coupons, 15 guineas.—GORDON, Lime Grove, Yeading, Leeds.

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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CIII No. 2673

APRIL 9, 1948



Navana Vandyk

MISS ROSEMARY JOY COLLINGS-WELLS

The engagement of Miss Rosemary Joy Collings-Wells, the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel R. P. Collings-Wells and Mrs. Collings-Wells, of Virginia Water, Surrey, to Mr. John Michael Beharrell, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Beharrell, of Wentworth, Surrey, was announced recently

COUNTRY LIFE

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HOPES POSTPONED

THOSE who are looking forward to expanding their production of pigs and poultry received a cold douche from the Minister of Agriculture's recent statement that it is impossible to increase rations for any class of livestock in the new period beginning on May 1. He rightly said that increases in ration scales can be made only when there is assurance of adequate supplies to honour the coupons over a reasonably long period ahead. Certainly we do not want another false start in the expansion of the pig and poultry industries. We have in England and Wales five million more poultry on our farms than we had a year ago, but the total is still about twenty million less than 10 years ago. The pig figures are even less satisfactory. We now have fewer than 1,500,000 pigs, which is slightly fewer than a year ago and less than half the number recorded in 1938. These losses in productive capacity detract seriously from British agriculture's contribution to balancing the nation's trade accounts, and furthermore they deny the public the more sustaining diet which is now so generally needed.

It is well to emphasise again that the purchases of maize, barley and other coarse grains from Russia and Argentina, about which so much has been heard in recent months, do no more than counterbalance the loss in home cereal production last year due to the shrunken acreage and light crops after the summer drought. A Minister of Agriculture with a more forceful personality might have convinced his Cabinet colleagues on the economy, and indeed necessity, of obtaining bigger supplies of feeding-stuffs from abroad, even at the expense of upsetting the international arrangements for allocating export supplies in the world. Judging by the food exports which Denmark and Holland are now able to send to Britain it seems that these countries and others also have been more astute in their international dealings.

Disappointing as the Minister's statement was, he did for the first time give a definite undertaking that pig and poultry keepers will be allowed to retain for stock-feeding up to one-fifth of their barley and wheat from the 1948 crops. All that they have been allowed to keep so far has been the tailings at threshing and, while this may be a somewhat elastic proportion to suit the needs of individual farms, it is satisfactory to have a clear understanding that the general farmer will henceforth be entitled to devote part of his cereal crops to producing bacon, pigs and eggs. The Minister also promised that as soon as additional supplies of feeding-stuffs can be found the rationing scheme will be revised so as to take account of those farms which could develop pigs and poultry now although they had few or none in 1939. The

road to a fully productive British agriculture is tortuously slow and the frustrations seem infinite.

ASHDOWN FOREST

THE public may well be confused by the attitude of the Service departments towards the retention of agricultural land and particular open spaces. On the side of reassurance we have had a succession of complaints from the War Office that they were being misunderstood and maligned; they were, they said, keeping every aspect of the public interest constantly in view. We have had assurances from the Prime Minister, and, so far as encroachment on National Parks goes, Mr. Shinwell has declared that the War Office are asking only for five per cent. of the total area selected, and it is undoubtedly true that the parts of Dartmoor now officially allotted to the War Office are substantially less than their original claims. On the other hand, the passing of the Requisitioned Land Act has postponed the final day of reckon-

WHY WEEP TO-DAY ?

WHY weep to-day? The pale sun's primrose glances

*Are challenging the frost among the grasses,
And can you hear*

*A blackbird in the dark wood's curving arches
Preparing for your ear*

The prelude of his festival performance?

*And do you know the long green-fingered larches
Are pointing straight above the brown-backed river
That glistens eel-like in the early morning?*

Look up, and keep your tears for other sorrows

In wells of future sadness—here is April

To brush your cheek with her warm downy finger.

Come, leave the gloomy tangle of that oak tree;

The birch's wand-like shadow

Is shade enough to slant this lyric morning

With bars across the meadow.

*Can you not dance, nor laugh, nor sing, nor shout,
you*

Young and grief-bewildered thing?

The whole of Spring is going on without you!

PHOEBE HESKETH.

ing until 1951, and in three years much may be done by those in possession to strengthen their claims to areas which they are obviously reluctant to abandon.

Ashdown Forest presents an instance of what may be expected. Eighteen months ago the conservators of the Forest agreed to allow the exercising of troops on the understanding that there should be no digging or mining, use of live ammunition or smoke bombs, and that military vehicles should not be allowed on the forest tracks. Last July a public enquiry was held and these agreements placed on record. A month later trenches were dug, and refuse from a local camp deposited on the Forest. Since then more trenches have been dug, an area of gorse and undergrowth cut down for the purpose of a fire, and so on. At this rate of negligent destruction it is easy to foresee the situation in 1951.

POOR RELATIONS

OF British animals the bats are Man's nearest relations. This fact was recalled by the arrival in London of three tarsias, for the tarsias were described as "Man's remotest ancestors" and the relationship is, as with the bats, via the link of the lemurs. But whereas the tarsias are a rarity (these are the first to be seen in Europe) of special interest to academic zoologists, bats are to be observed in most places on most evenings, taking their food with the aid of that radar system which they are said to have had some 50 million years before *Homo sapiens*. Recollection of the closest relation and radar aspects of the cheiroptera make a man pause: here are marvels greater than Solomon's way of a serpent in the rocks and nearly as difficult to believe as the astronomer's assertion that no one can with a naked eye see more than 2,000 stars at the same time, nor more than 5,000 if he moves his head to survey the whole sky, or the botanists' state-

ment that a large oak tree may have from five to seven million leaves. Of course, where numbers are mentioned, most people take refuge in polite incredulity or a well-worn statement about liars and statisticians: after all, there is no proving that chaffinches are the most numerous birds in Britain, that the rat population and the human population are usually about the same ("to every man his rat"); and even the text books' agreement that the wood mouse is the most numerous of all mammals in Britain might conceivably be an error. And so with that development of radar 50 million years ago. It may be wrong. That was a long time since. But there can be no dodging the existing nearest relationship of the bats, now recalled by the snub-nosed tarsias which have come from the Philippines to London.

THE LANE PICTURES

ONLY a Solomon could adjudicate on the rightful ownership of the late Sir Hugh Lane's thirty-nine famous pictures, "modern" when he first offered them to Dublin forty years ago, but now ranking as oldish masters. Fastidious, neurotic, cantankerous, Lane left them to the National Gallery in dudgeon at Dublin's failure to provide a gallery to display them; but after he was drowned in the *Lusitania* in 1916 an unwitnessed codicil was found bequeathing them to Dublin after all, "if a suitable building is provided within five years of my death." Subsequently Charlemont House in Dublin has been acquired to contain the collection, to which, however, London's legal right is irrefutable. The moral case, strongly biased in Dublin's favour, has been in the past overlaid with typical Anglo-Irish passion, and not been strengthened by London's failure to observe the condition of showing the whole collection together. A Solomon would reflect that, under the present system of priorities, London seems unlikely to comply with Lane's will in the foreseeable future, and is already richly endowed with representative works of the Impressionists, thanks to the Courtauld bequest. He might well suggest that the forthcoming exhibition of the Courtauld pictures should be extended to include all Lane's as well and, partition being still in the political air, propose his classic solution: division by lot. Then, if the sequel followed the fable, the losing party could console itself with Picasso and Chagall.

VILLAGE PLANNING

IN all the vast accumulation of literature about town and country planning the village has been sadly neglected. Where additional housing has been required, it has usually taken the form of haphazard ribbon development or else of new colonies of council houses built on sites outside the original village boundaries, so that the newcomers have tended to remain strangers on the fringe of the old community. With these considerations in mind the Central Landowners' Association sponsored a competition for planning the extension of villages in which between 50 and 150 new houses would be provided in such a way as to make a working entity of old and new. The four villages selected were Godstone (Surrey), Shipton-under-Wychwood (Oxfordshire), Condover (Shropshire), and Helmsley (Yorkshire). The results of the competition can now be studied at an exhibition at 12, Great George Street, Westminster, open until April 16. First prize has been awarded to Messrs. Godman and Kay and R. W. James for their scheme for Godstone, which the assessors describe as "notable for a happy marriage of planning and architectural work—a combination conspicuously lacking in most of the other entries." Much care and thought have been taken to preserve the existing character of a village that is notable for its green, its ponds, and its fine old inns. But the great attraction of the scheme is the arrangement and treatment of the new houses, disposed in groups, and keeping the scale and character of the brick, tiled and tile-hung cottages of Surrey. This scheme shows how much room for improvement there still is in even the best of the new work of local authorities, some of which have now at last broken with the rigid rule that all housing must be semi-detached.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

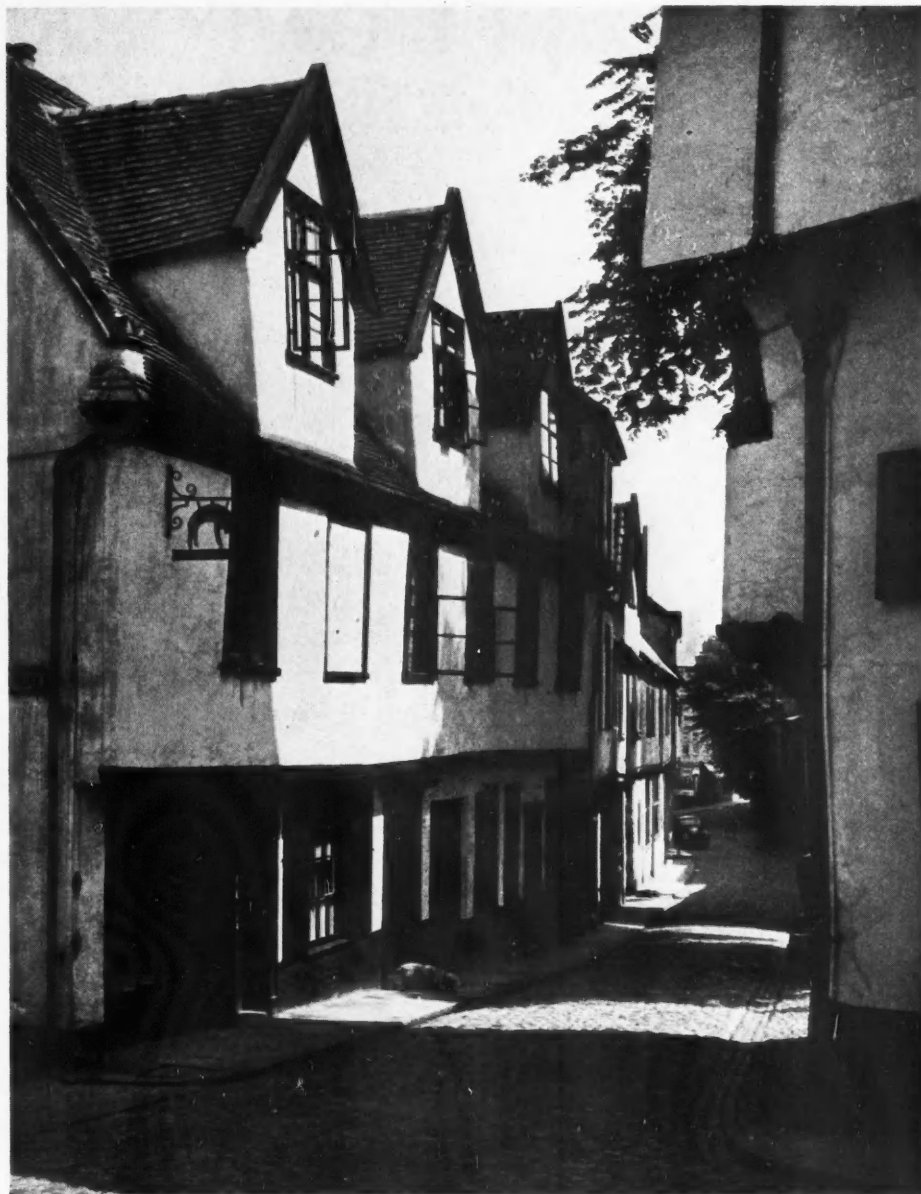
ONE of the results of the almost complete disappearance of the rabbit from my part of the south of England is not so much its absence from the table, which personally I do not regret to any great extent, but the fact that my new Scottie's education in the things that really matter is likely to be deplorably deficient, since he has now been ten months in what Thomas Flatman in the 17th century called the vale of tears (I wonder what he would call it now) without obtaining a glimpse of the most important animal from a dog's point of view. Owners of highly-trained retrievers may disagree with me here, but I venture the opinion that, if the steadiest old Labrador in the land were asked to lay bare his soul and confess what he really enjoyed most in this world, he would have to admit that it was an illicit rabbit-hunt through the bracken or roots, even though it was years since he had fallen from grace and indulged in the shockingly plebeian pastime.

The rabbit, of course, even in what appears to be the most rabbitless area, is not completely extinct, but the few survivors of the general campaign against them with gun, trap, dog and ferret are remarkably cautious and never by any chance leave their buries while there is a trace of light on the western or the eastern horizon. This means that, though there is not a rabbit in view nor even an odd specimen lying up in the gorse or bracken as was usual in other days, the scent left by those that came out under cover of darkness is still very much in evidence when the young Scottie goes out for his afternoon's walk.

* * *

ONE of the peculiarities of the Scottie terrier is the excellent nose that most individuals of the breed possess, and this is remarkable, since normally they are not used for sporting purposes, and for the last forty years show-dog breeders for some reason known only to themselves have been striving to achieve a head too big for the body, a body too short for the head, and a tail that is merely an unsightly spike, but they certainly have not worried themselves about the Scottie's nose or scenting powers. If the breed has managed to maintain the sterling tough character and sporting spirit for which it is famous it is solely due to the dog itself, and not to the judges and breeders, who have done their best to eliminate all these desirable characteristics.

Despite all this, the first-class nose persists as a feature of this terrier, and my small fellow has now succeeded in identifying all but one of the alluring and mysterious scents he meets in the course of his wanderings across the meadows and the neighbouring stretch of moorland. There is the breast-high and very distinctive odour that he knows belongs to the fox which he has seen several times; the markedly feline and rather unpleasant one that has been left by one of the semi-wild cats that haunt the area; the very gamey bouquet which indicates that a covey of partridges is in the offing, and which for some reason that is not quite clear to him he knows is very important; the less pronounced and rather musty whiff he obtains in the long grass which he recognises as the scent of the field-mouse with which a young dog may amuse himself in his duller moments. But overriding them all is a delicious but striking scent leading here, there and everywhere that awakes echoes in his canine instinct of some glorious sport in which his forbears indulged, and which he knows is his birthright. So far, unfortunately, he has never obtained a glimpse of the delightful animal responsible for this heady perfume which causes him to accelerate his top gear every time his nose detects it. I am wondering what the reactions will be when the unlikely does occur



OLD HOUSES ON ELM HILL, NORWICH

E. W. Tattersall

and he sees for the first time that attractive white scut which no dog can resist bobbing in front of him through the undergrowth.

* * *

A MONTH or more ago several readers of COUNTRY LIFE, who live in houses adjacent to rookeries, wrote to me to prophesy with confidence that we should experience a fine spring since the rooks in the neighbouring trees were one and all making their nests in the top-most branches. This is a universal countryman's belief and, so far as I know, is almost invariably correct. It has certainly been the case this year, since from the nesting rook's point of view the weather has been ideal, with plenty of warm sunshine by day and a complete absence of storms and gales, which must be a most disturbing feature when one is trying to sit on a clutch of eggs in a nest of twigs constructed at the tops of violently oscillating branches.

In fact, the weather has so far been ideal for almost everybody, since farmers have experienced no delays over cultivating the land and sowing the crops, the severe frosts of March have provided a fine tilth on heavy clay soils, and the winter wheat, though far advanced for this time of the year, seems to have escaped all damage. The only countrymen with any complaint to make are those gardeners and smallholders who work land in recognised frost belts, and who have to report some casualties among the spring broccoli which were just beginning to show those delicate white hearts that are

most susceptible to frost. It is some consolation to remember that if there are severe frosts in March the really disastrous ones of May generally do not materialise.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT has sent me a verse about the Scottish Tweed and its English tributary, the Till, which is suggestive of that hint of racial superiority with which one comes in contact occasionally to the north, but more frequently to the south, of the Tweed. This occurs when exiles from their native land are at a loss to know exactly how to explain why it is that they live from choice in a land so infinitely inferior to their own, but I was not aware that rivers suffered from the same complex. The verse runs:—

*Says Tweed to Till :
"What gars ye rin sae still ?"
Says Till to Tweed :
"Tho' ye rin wi' speed,
"And I rin slaw,
"Where ye droon ae man
"I droon twa."*

Since I know very little about either of these rivers or their records for drowning anglers and wayfarers, it never having been my luck to fish them, I asked for some information from our Scottish river-keeper, who hails from the Tweed, and he said he had never heard of the Till. So far as I can make out it is on the wrong side of the border, and apparently not worth worrying about.

THE EEL-CATCHER'S ART

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

MIDNIGHT in the Dungeon; winking stars, like high, tiny lamps, in a sky black with frost; a river like a broad sword of blue-black steel between tall palisades of reeds. Not a sound broke the cold stillness but the faint stir of the night wind in the reed tassels, the occasional plop of a fish, the croak of a moorhen. For they are the people of the Dungeon. Wild-fowl and water rats, pike and bream and eels, the bittern and the reed-warbler, the coot and the water-rail—those are the people of this Dungeon which is no dungeon grim beneath a castle, but the remote and lonely headwaters of the River Thurne, hidden among the wild marshes of East Norfolk.

Had you been in my little duck-punt on that black, lonely river of the marshes on that starlit night of November you would have sworn that no living man was nearer than those asleep in cottages away up on the Martham Upland, or

blue-jerseyed figure of Harry Thain, descendant of Danish sea-kings and eel-catcher of the Dungeon. Harry had on a leather jerkin and a round skull cap. Add to that a pair of piercing eyes beneath black, jutting eye-brows, a face like tanned leather, seamed and graven by wind and sun, and you have the perfect picture of a pirate of the brave days of sail.

Now I have said that Harry is a descendant of Vikings, for is not Thain merely the Norfolk version of the noble Danish title of Thane? And there have been Thains in Horsey and Somerton and all through the Flegg Hundred as long as the memory of man runneth. They came here, like enough, when the longships grounded on the beaches and Saxon thorp and wooden hall went up in flames and steel rang on steel.

"Many eels running?" I asked.

"Tidy few. Tidy few. I've had a stone or tew, but that want a bit of wind and a flush of

have been in the same family for generations. An eel sett, in brief, is a large net stretching from one side of the river to the other to which are attached two, three or more long tubular nets mounted on hoops and tapering to small ends known as pods. The eels congregate in them when they find that they cannot penetrate the main wall of the net. Eel netting starts soon after hay harvest and continues right through the winter months, so that an eel setter is normally busy on the job for about nine months of the year. Most of the eels are taken on dark nights, usually with some wind or rain, and always on the ebb tide.

The main wall of the net and the three or four pods, each of which is about six yards long, are secured to the bed of the river by weights and stakes, and the whole intricate contraption can be raised or lowered by ropes running through pulleys. This enables boats of comparatively deep draught to pass over a lowered net without damaging it.

Sometimes the hauls of eels have been tremendous. Thus, at Hellesdon Mills above Norwich more than a ton of eels were taken in a week a good many years ago, and six hundred pounds of eels are said to have been taken in a night at Horstead Mill on the Bure.

But the men who own or rent the eel setts will seldom or never tell the casual enquirer what they have caught. Their hauls have always been either "middlin'" or, if expansive, "a tidy few," or, more likely, "Narthin' tu sing about."

The reason is obvious. Eels to-day bring from three to four shillings a pound to the netter. Therefore he may, if lucky, earn up to £10 in a night. If he can contrive it, he is always paid in cash. And what tax-gatherer, however rapacious, is going to venture into the wet and reedy wildernesses at midnight under the stars or in the cold winter mists of dawn? So a close tongue may well be the mother of small riches.

On the other hand the eel-catcher pursues the most mysterious, temperamental and unpredictable of all fish. No man can set a limit or a rote to the way of an eel. Eels will "run" on some nights and not on others. A thunderstorm may start them off. A gale of wind or a bright moon will stop them. They like dark nights and shun the moon. They may be running strongly on a cloudy night but, lo! let the stars appear, shining clear and frosty, and it is ten to one that the eels will change their minds.

Eels normally begin to migrate to the sea about July, but autumn really sees the movement in full swing. They continue moving seaward until March. Sometimes they come down in great living balls, heads in, tails sticking out. I have seen one twice as big as a football.

But, although many and learned naturalists tell us wonderful tales of the breeding migration of eels from British waters right across the Atlantic to that weedy graveyard of ships, the Sargasso Sea in West Indian waters, I, for one, do not believe that the learned naturalists know everything. I am inclined to believe a little of what Harry Thain tells me. And Harry says, as say the Applegates, the Hewitts, the Royces and the rest of the Broadsmen, that many of the Norfolk eels stay and breed in Norfolk waters. They have sworn solemnly to me that they have cut open eels in February which were full of young elvers, no larger than needles.

This directly contradicts the views of many orthodox naturalists who have said for years that the eel is not viviparous, but deposits its spawn just as other fish do. Indeed, microscopic examinations are said to have shown the presence of both spawn and milt in the eel. The average eel-catcher will flatly deny this. I have heard apparently sincere statements, again and again, to the effect that they have cut open eels full of eel-fry. That great authority on the Broads, the late Christopher Davies, went so far as to say: "The young fry are contained in a membranous sac as long and thick as one finger, and the eyes and backbones of the fry are distinguishable. When the sac is cut open, the fry unbend themselves and wriggle about. Eels



1.—AN EEL-CATCHER LIFTING A POD OF HIS SETT (NET)

under thatched roofs in Somerton village. That is until you saw, as I saw suddenly, against that whispering background of reeds, a slit of yellow light no bigger than the mouth of a letter-box.

The bows of the punt slid gently into the reeds. And there, eaved against the stars, squatted the low roof-line of a little black hut. It crouched among the reeds, no taller than the tallest of them, no more than eight feet from the river's edge. The quaking rond all about it was shorn of reeds, their stubble tramped flat. A film of drying nets swayed in the night wind from half a dozen short posts. A marshman's double-ended open boat, neither duck-punt nor barge, but something between the two, was tethered to the bank. It lay like a black cigar in the starlight.

From the top of a stout wooden post on the bank a great rope spanned the river, sagging in the middle until it was level with the water. A net hung from it.

I stepped ashore, knocked on the door of the hut. "Anybody at home?"

"Ah! Lift the latch. Come yu in," came a voice.

I opened the door. The yellow lamplight from a hurricane lamp swinging on a nail showed a wooden hut, not much more than ten feet long by six feet wide and barely six feet high. A fire glowed in a tiny stove. On a locker alongside one wall reclined the water-booted,

rain and they'll run quick enough," he answered. "Fetchin' a fair price tew. Four bob a pound—thass a damn sight better'n the fourteen bob we used to git for a stone in the old days." He grinned. "Eels is money nowadays. Good as gold! Set you down an' we'll hev a yarn."

I sat. That, after all, was what I had come for. So we sat and smoked—and talked of eels.

Now no man can set a mark in time to the day when eels were first caught in that queer contraption of nets which they call an eel sett (Fig. 2). They were catching them thus when Elizabeth was on the throne, for, in 1576, there were no fewer than thirty-eight eel setts on the Broads, hired by fishermen at a nominal rent of a penny a year.

In the rare and most interesting *Book of the Foundation and Antiquity of the Town of Gt. Yarmouth* it is stated that the eel fishermen had "an onlye custome among them, used tyme out of mynd, that yerlie, on the day of S. Margaret, every fisherman that could that daye, after ryseinge, first come to anye of the said ele settes in anye of the said ryvers, and there staye and pytche a bowghe at the said ele sett, the same fysherman should have and injoye the same ele sett that yere, without yealinge or payenge anye thinge for the same."

To-day there are probably a score of such setts, many of which have been operated in the same pitch for several hundred years and

are found in this state during February, March and April."

Most scientists to-day, however, are convinced that the "eel-fry" found in English eels are no more than parasitic worms. My old friend, the late Arthur Patterson, who was generally regarded as the greatest marine biologist that Norfolk has produced in the last half century (he was presented with an illuminated address and a purse of gold by the county in recognition of his work as a Norfolk naturalist) summed the matter up in that excellent book of his *Notes of an East Coast Naturalist*, published in 1904, in which he says:

"Our local eel-catchers, who, in the course of a year, secure many tons of eels, have some very crude ideas respecting its species, its movements, and its reproductions. Several fancy distinctions are given to the two kinds known here, the Broad-nosed and the Sharp-nosed Eel, the latter being known as the Silver-bellied; this is by far the most numerous taken. The eel-catchers talk of 'glotts' and 'brots,' and other varieties, that after all only differ in coloration, due undoubtedly to habitat, environment, food, or other local cause. With regard to the eel's reproduction, they assert seriously that it produces its young alive, backing up their statement by telling you that they often turn out the young when skinning them; and nothing in the world will convince them that they are parasitic worms. As to eels' spawning, they will not believe it."

That eels are caught locally containing ova is beyond all doubt, but that is a very different matter from them producing young eels in local waters. Patterson records that, in 1892, he bought the entrails of some large eels in Norwich which had been caught just outside the city and still retained the hooks in their mouths. He says: "Amongst those of one fine example I detected what I considered to be a lobe of ova; and on abrading it, and placing the jagged pieces under a lens, it was easy enough to distinguish the globules of spawn. I forwarded it to Mr. Southwell, who placed some of it in spirit, and concurred in my opinion. There, distinctly enough, were the fragments of ova, looking like so many minute bunches of yellowish grapes."

The Mr. Southwell to whom he refers was, of course, the late Thomas Southwell, F.Z.S., who edited the new edition of Lubbock's *Fauna of Norfolk* (1879) and was Hon. Secretary to the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society. Lubbock, by the way, records a sharp-nosed eel of no less than 25 lb. weight as being taken "in the Fens of Cambridgeshire," and another "upwards of 20 lb." which, he says, was taken "near Norwich" in May, 1839, and was pronounced a genuine sharp-nosed eel.



2.—EXAMINING AN EEL POD FOR DAMAGE

To return to Harry Thain. He tells me that he has seen eels jump the top of the net again and again when it has been more or less flush with the level of the water. He believes in pegging his net close up to either bank, unlike many other eel-catchers, who often leave the shallower side more or less open.

Red-throated divers—which the Broadsmen call loons, and the Essex fishermen call spratties—and coots have both been taken in the eel nets on occasions, but few fresh-water fish are caught and it is an odd fact that with one exception, the ruffe, if the net takes ordinary fish, it will not catch eels. Eels and other fish evidently do not move together.

The Broadsmen swears that there are four different sorts of eel; first, the silver-bellied or sharp-nosed eel; secondly, the broad-nosed eel; thirdly, the grig or snig; and fourthly, the gloat.

The silver-bellied eel is the commonest and the one usually taken in the eel setts. It has a blackish back, a silver belly, very firm flesh and is excellent eating. Most of the silver-bellied

eels migrate to the sea but some remain and bed themselves deep in the soft mud of the rivers and Broads, there to escape the winter cold. It is said that none of the eels that go down to the sea ever returns, although their elvers come back to their parents' waters in immense and unbelievable numbers, sometimes moving in such dense multitudes that they look like a thick weaving stream of some tangible material. On the Severn the elvers are caught in immense quantities, cooked and turned into a sort of brawn known as elver cheese.

The broad-nosed eel is a blackish, coarse-feeding ferocious eel which feeds on garbage, including dead bodies, and is not nearly such good eating as the silver-bellied eel. The grig or snig is a yellowish eel with a projecting underlip. It grows sometimes to a very large size and is most commonly caught from November to March.

Finally, the gloat is a blackish, medium-sized eel usually caught by fishermen on night lines or eel babs, that is bunches of worsted threaded with worm which the angler bobs or "babs" gently up and down on the river bed at night. The moment he feels a slight tug he lifts the bab gently out of the water, usually with one or more eels attached, and shakes them off into the well of his boat. The eel is caught by fixing his teeth in the worsted, and the best time for this sport is in the spring, when roach and bream are spawning and the eels raid the spawning beds in voracious thousands.

But to return to the eel sett. The biggest eel I have heard of as being taken in one was an eleven pounder. Harry Thain took a six-and-a-half pounder, a five-pounder and a four-pounder, all in a fortnight last November, and I ate the five-pounder which, despite its size, was a delicate and well-flavoured fish.

Arthur Royce, who works the eel sett just below Acle Bridge, the nearest to the sea of all the Bure setts, has also taken a good many large ones in his time and I heard of a six-pounder being taken above Coltishall a few years ago.

When the net is finally raised the pods are detached, one by one, and the contents emptied into large perforated wooden boxes known as eel-trunks (Fig. 3) which the eel-catcher can tow behind his punt or leave anchored in the river for as long as he likes, thus keeping the eels fresh and lively until they are needed for market. The eel-buyer comes round, usually once a week by motor-car, towing a truck in which are four or five great tin containers to hold the eels.

I thought that night, as we sat in the starlit stillness in Harry's hut, that he who practises this ancient art still lives much as men lived five hundred years ago, using the same sort of nets, possessing the same secret knowledge, his livelihood still the sport of wind and tide, governed by the moon and by the movements of that most mysterious of all fish, the eel, of whose life man still knows less than half the whole truth.



3.—DIPPING THE EELS INTO AN EEL-TRUNK, A PERFORATED BOX WHICH, TO KEEP THEM FRESH, IS EITHER TOWED BEHIND THE BOAT OR LEFT ANCHORED IN THE RIVER

FROM ZOO TO FREEDOM

Written and Illustrated by
CLELAND SCOTT

MANY wild animals start life on the veld and end up in a zoo; we reversed this procedure in the case of a lioness and leopardess. We had got the former, which we called Ting-a-ling, from a zoo in Nairobi, at the age of three weeks, and after breeding two cubs from her were faced with the choice of shooting her or of trying the experiment of turning her wild. Annabella, the leopardess, we had been given when she was about nine months old.

In Nairobi we had soon discovered that lions and neighbours do not go together. We had had to shoot two males and wanted to avoid this fate for Ting, who was far and away the nicest of our many lions. Had we tried loosing the males we knew that they would be set upon by their wild *confrères*, and although they were magnificent specimens they were soft from easy living and would only have suffered unpleasant ends.

In 1942 Kenya had no National Parks, and a game reserve, we felt, was not safe enough for Ting. These latter have large native populations, and we were sure that she would take to killing cattle as they would be so much easier for a learner unversed in the technique of hunting for her living. She would then be hunted by the owners and killed. Consequently we selected the Parc Nationale Albert in the Eastern Belgian Congo as being the safest part of Africa that we knew. This area has been a park for years, and, since the Belgians do not allow visitors to enter it with rifles, she would be safe from any hunter.

Ting and Annabella went as far as Kampala by a goods train, which arrived in the afternoon. We had managed to hire a lorry, but it was not available until the next morning, so we were left with the problem of what to do with our cats for the night. The hotel would not have them, and in any case the African is always a problem on such occasions. No wild animals like noise close to them when they are in a confined space; but they do not object quite so strenuously when they cannot see people, so I had fixed canvas blinds on to the front of the travelling boxes.

When the train came in a stranger might have imagined that royalty, at least, were expected, for it was met by the Assistant Inspector of Police and a posse of native *askaris*; and, of course, by us. We had the truck shunted to a line away from the station, and police guarded it all night.

Next day the news had spread, and we found



1.—TING-A-LING FINDS THAT A CARPET OF WATER-LILIES ON THE SHORE OF LAKE EDWARD IS NOT UP TO HER WEIGHT

sundry Europeans, and an even bigger crowd of natives, who were an infernal nuisance to us and a worry to our cats. During the three hundred odd miles lorry drive we sat on top of the boxes to make sure that our precious cargo was all right. On the third day we reached Rutshuru, where the chief game warden, Colonel Hoier, a Dane, helped us through the customs and assisted us in buying sheep to feed our pets. We went on to Vitchumbi, which is situated on one of the arms of Lake Edward. Neither beast seemed any the worse for a trying journey, and after scampering about for half an hour both came back to jump on to our camp beds.

Next morning we sauntered down to Lake Edward, where the honking of a hippo intrigued Ting considerably. Along the water's edge grow carpets of water-lilies which, to a casual untutored glance, look like a piece of veld, and

on to them jumped Ting, only to sink belly-deep. She rushed out and then very carefully shook each foot just like a cat. When it got warmer she went back and seemed to enjoy reclining half in the water.

We went back to do sundry chores and about noon returned to the lake to see how our family was enjoying life. Ting appeared as soon as we called her and walked back with us. Annabella did not turn up until dusk, and this became her daily routine. I could not discover where she went or what she did. If I followed her she stayed close at hand, and once I let her get far away she became lost in the dense cover.

We took Ting for walks and showed her Ugand cob, waterbuck, and warthogs, but she made no effort to stalk or chase them. Even the grunting of lions did not excite her, and she made no attempt to go in the direction of the sound.

Her endeavours to kill her first sheep were clumsy, but she had to learn. I offered her fish, but these she spurned, so I gave them to Annabella, who, provided they were filleted, ate them out of my hand one after another. When I offered her a whole fish complete with scales, however, she was displeased, though after subjecting it to rough treatment she did finally nibble at the remains. Colonel Hoier told us he had seen lions fishing one morning. When the lake recedes various ponds are left, and fish are often stranded in them; these lions were swishing them out with their paws and obviously enjoyed a change of diet.

While we were at Vitchumbi, a Belgian doctor who had turned up to inoculate the natives asked us over to listen to the wireless. We arrived at his place just after dusk, and had been there only a very short time when Ting created a lot of excitement among his staff by coming into his room; however, she did not stay long. On the way back, first Ting came and rubbed against our legs, and then Annabella sat herself down right in the path to make quite sure we had not got lost.

After we had been at Vitchumbi for some days Colonel Hoier arrived and suggested that we moved towards

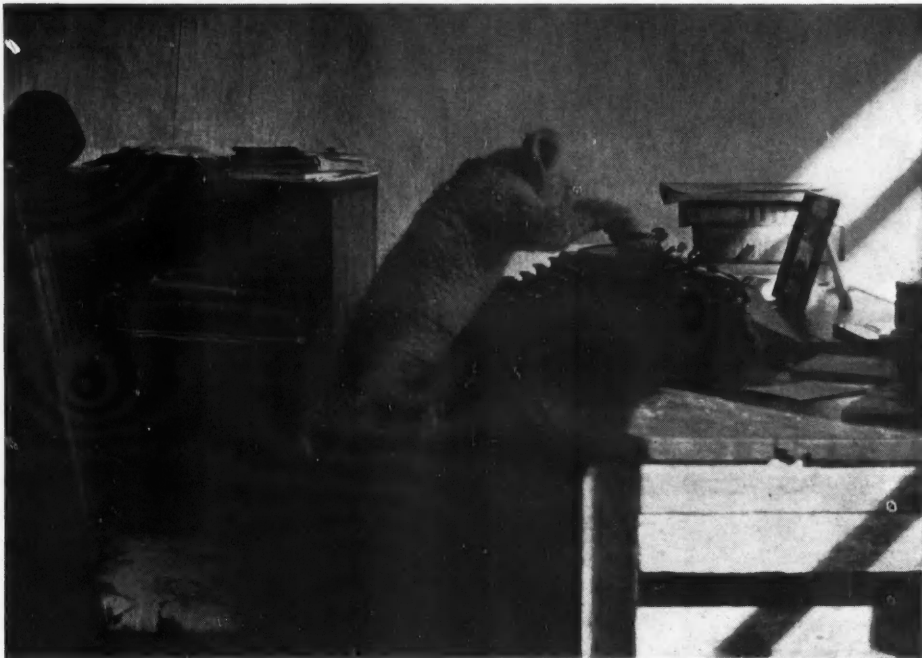


2.—ANNABELLA IN DISDAINFUL MOOD

the Kabasha Escarpment, as, owing to recent burning, most of the game, including the lions, were over there on the short grass. He brought a tent for us and advised us to camp not far from the Lake Kivu-Irumbu road. By this time we were getting worried about what to do with Ting, for our two weeks were going all too fast compared with her progress at fending for herself. Colonel Hoier asked us to go back with him for a night so that Ting should be on her own. He said that it would be best to release Annabella near his house as there were a lot of leopards at the bottom of a hill in a big patch of forest. Unfortunately she took a dislike to his cat and nearly caught it, and as she also showed designs on his poultry, we found life much more strenuous with him than in camp.

On our return our boy told us that at sunrise a party of lions and lionesses had come quite close, that Ting had met them, but that after a little while they had moved on and she had made no effort to go with them.

As we meant to move next day we took the precaution of feeding our pets in their travelling boxes. Next morning we had to lift them on to the lorry, and Annabella kept putting her paws through the netting with the result that no native fancied holding the corner of the box. To inspire confidence I took one corner myself and it so happened that I had a most villainous-looking native next to me. Annabella disliked his face and started slashing, and so that he should not jump back I hung on to my corner. As she could not reach the native I suppose she



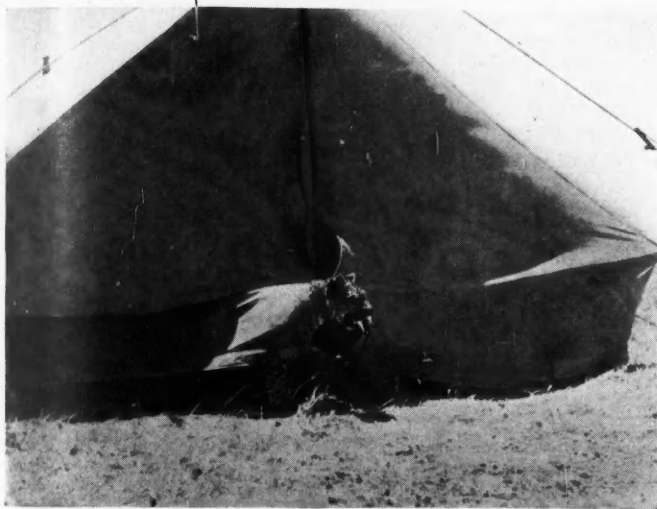
3.—THE NEW TYPIST. Ting in her early days when the lion's inveterate curiosity led her to investigate anything new

Annabella we watched run off down the hill.

We had not been home long before we got a letter saying that Annabella had been back, not to look for us, we were sure, but to initiate her quickly found mate into a place where she knew her way around and where food was plentiful and easy. Ting had been seen with a male.

A friend in the Tanganyika Game Department told us that he considered we had worried ourselves for nothing, as he was convinced that if one loosed even half-grown lions they would pick up a living all right on rats, fish and birds. He assured us that one lion he knew well, owing to a slight deformity in one foot, used to go the best part of two weeks on occasions without making a kill, and years later he saw it looking perfectly healthy.

We hope one day to spend some weeks around Ruindi, as we are positive that if we called Ting she would remember and come to us. There have been cases in zoos of various *felidae* which have remembered previous owners years later; they recognise their voices. It would be interesting if she were to introduce her mate. I feel sure that he would not attack us, because he would know that Ting would not be happy and confident about anything that was dangerous from his point of view.



4.—THE BATHING BELLE. Annabella tries to get out of the wrong end of the tent

thought one arm was as good as another and dug her claws really deeply into mine; I had to get hold of the claw and ease it out or I would have lost quite a bit of forearm and as I did this she hit a tendon with another claw with painful results.

That night lions gave a magnificent concert, but Ting did not deign to leave the tent and would not answer. Annabella was back at her old thieving tricks, and she made off with my dressing gown. I got it back after a chase, but every time I went to sleep she snooped back and tugged at the blankets and awakened me. However, we enlisted the aid of Ting, who chased Annabella out every time she put her nose inside. A night or two later they had a minor row, and Annabella went off, but next morning she was as much in evidence as usual.

I went for a long walk with Ting trying to get her to take a serious interest in game. We met a herd of elephant and at first Ting was goggle-eyed and stayed very close to me. We kept a distance of a hundred yards between us and remained down wind. That night she and Annabella let a sheep get clean away and it turned up at the main rest house well over two miles away.

Colonel Hoier arrived the following morning, and as our time was almost up he said he would bring or send sheep regularly until he knew that Ting had found a mate who could teach her to hunt. In order that she should not feel lost after we had gone, he agreed to leave the tent there. It was obvious that so long as we were around she would not go far, so the only thing was to harden our hearts and leave. We took her once again to where there was water, but just in case she forgot we left a bucketful in a bush. Perhaps it was imagination, but we felt she had a different expression in her eyes that last sad morning.

Our leaving the tent had a sequel. A Belgian official who was motoring past stopped and strode over to look inside the tent. He opened the flaps and then doubled back to his car at a rate of knots—Ting was asleep inside.



5.—TING-A-LING RETURNS FROM A WALK

COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS

A HOP-PICKING SCENE

IS it possible that you or any of your readers recognise the scene shown in the accompanying photograph? It is taken from a coloured lithograph Hop Picking, published in London on February 2, 1857, by Henry Graves and Co., 6, Pall Mall. The original painting is by J. F. Herring. I should very much like to know where the original of this picture can be found—DENISE SAKULA (Mrs.), 14, Hanger Court, Ealing, W.3.

The name of John Frederick Herring (1795-1865) is chiefly associated in the mind of the collector with racehorses, and his series of Derby and St. Leger winners is known to all lovers of sporting prints. Although he devoted himself principally to racing and other sporting subjects, he later turned in an increasing measure to incidents of the farm and the field. It is not always easy to separate his subject-pictures from those of John Frederick Herring, junior, one of his three artist sons, and *Hop Picking* can probably be attributed more correctly to the latter. We believe that this painting was not publicly exhibited, and it would therefore not be easy to trace its history. The lithograph was by Vincent Brooks, who did much distinguished work in this medium.

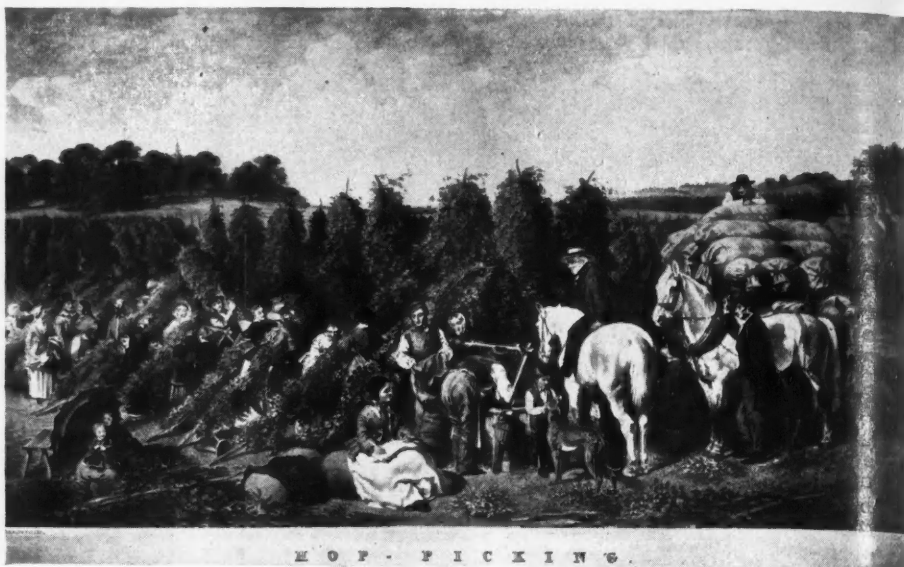
LARGE-SCALE PORTRAITS BY COSWAY

I wonder if any of your readers knows of the five large portraits painted by Richard Cosway. The enclosed photograph is of one of them, and is now in the possession of my eldest sister. Cosway also painted a portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert, but I do not know anything of the other three. The photograph I send you is of Frances, Lady Page-Turner, a daughter of Joseph and Anne Howell, of Elm, near Wisbech, and my great, great grandmother. In



LADY PAGE-TURNER AND CHILD. A LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT BY RICHARD COSWAY EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1787

See question: Large-Scale Portraits by Cosway



HOP PICKING, A COLOURED LITHOGRAPH PUBLISHED IN 1857 AFTER AN UNKNOWN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. F. HERRING

See question: A Hop-Picking Scene

a beautifully coloured engraving of the exhibition of the Royal Academy 1787, by A. C. de Poggi, this portrait is shown near the centre of the room. The dress is of white satin. In a catalogue of the exhibition that formerly belonged to Horace Walpole and is now in the library of the Royal Academy, Walpole pencilled the name of the portrait.—FRANCES H. PAGE-TURNER, 21, Leonard Court, Edwardes Square, W.8.

Though best known for his miniatures, Cosway painted a number of large portraits on the life scale. This portrait of Lady Page-Turner has not, we believe, before been reproduced. It is referred to by Mr. W. T. Whitley in *Artists and their Friends in England, 1700-1799* (Vol II, page 80), where the print of the Royal Academy exhibition of 1787 after a drawing by Ramberg is given. The portrait appeared in the catalogue as No. 93, *Portrait of a Lady and Child*, on which the *St. James's Chronicle* commented rather rudely: "This is said to be Lady Page, formerly the buxom milliner of St. James's Street." Her extravagant and eccentric husband was Sir Gregory Turner, who added the surname Page to his own after inheriting the fortune of Sir Gregory Page and his splendid Blackheath house, which he pulled down.

NELSON AND WELLINGTON

I have a fine coloured print in its original frame, size 22 ins. by 30 ins., of Nelson and Wellington, representing the only interview between those great commanders. The print is inscribed "Painted by J. P. Knight, A.R.A." and "Engraved by S. W. Reynold," and bears two original signatures, apparently those of the two commanders. I believe that uncoloured prints of this picture are quite common. Is my coloured print rare, and are the signatures likely to be genuine?—C. E. BOOTHBY, Major, Royal Marines, Infantry Training Centre Royal Marines, Lympstone, Devon.

The only meeting between Nelson and Wellington was a chance one in the ante-room at the Colonial Office in September, 1805, a few days before Nelson set sail in the *Victory* to engage the French fleet off Cadiz and to meet his death the following month at Trafalgar. The meeting of these two national figures was brief and unofficial. More than thirty years later

John Prescott Knight painted an imaginative reconstruction of the incident of which he can have had no first-hand knowledge as he was only an infant of two at the time of the so-called interview. The mezzotint after Knight's painting was engraved by Samuel W. Reynolds, jun., and was published by Ackermann and Co., in 1839; it was re-issued shortly afterwards with the additional title, *The Army and Navy*. The signatures are etched facsimiles. Although in its details the engraving lacks historical accuracy, nevertheless it is impressive and appreciated by collectors. Coloured impressions are very rare.

STAUDENMAYER, GUNSMITH

Can you give me any information about the gunmaker Staudenmayer? I understand that he worked for John Manton before commencing business for himself.—F. C. BENSEY, 6, Grove Avenue, Hanwell, W.7.

We have traced no direct connection between Staudenmayer and Joe (not John) Manton, although they were contemporaries. From relevant dates it would appear that Manton, the most famous gunmaker of his day, was the older man. He was at the height of his reputation from 1800 (when he brought out for the first time a double-barrelled gun, the Manton flintlock) until 1815. During these years there appears to be no information about Staudenmayer or of his place of residence, although it is rather vaguely on record that he "made guns for the Prince Regent." This would be prior to 1820 if the statement is correct. The first authentic record of Staudenmayer in England is that he set up in business at 32, Cockspur Street in 1826. Possibly he was originally a Continental gunsmith who came to London with the foundations of a reputation already laid.

LITHOPHANIC CHINA

I have a porcelain plaque or transparency which was evidently made to be hung in a window. I shall be glad if you can give me any information as to the origin and method of construction of these plaques, of which I have three. It has been suggested that the light and shade of the picture is produced by the variations in thickness of the porcelain, and, if so, it would be very interesting to know how such graduations are produced.—THEODORE NICHOLSON, 20, John Street, Sunderland, Durham.

This plaque is an excellent example of lithophanic china made about 1850 by the Kennedy Porcelain Manufactory, Burslem, whose mark it bears. The picture was adapted from a painting of the Prince of Wales by Sir Edwin Landseer, a subject frequently found decorating *papier mâché* articles of the same

period. Lithophanic china or *email ambrant* was invented in 1827 by M. Burgoing, of Paris, and patented in this country in 1828 by Robert Griffith Jones, Brewer Street, London. Jones licensed the patent exclusively to Granger, Lee and Company, Worcester. As soon as the patent had expired in 1842, other porcelain manufacturers developed the idea of impressing porcelain-glass so as to produce pictures made visible only by transmitted light.

The effect of a shadowed drawing was produced by varying the thickness of thin, glassy porcelain so that, when viewed against light, variations in the opacity of the material formed a picture. Deeply shadowed parts were made thick enough to resist the passage of light



PLAQUE OF LITHOPHANIC CHINA MADE AT BURSLEM, circa 1850. When held to the light it reveals a portrait of the little Prince of Wales (King Edward VII) with his dog, based on a painting by Landseer

See question: Lithophanic China (page 724)

according to the degree of opacity required. For high lights the porcelain was reduced to extreme thinness.

A model of the picture was first moulded in wax and a plaster cast taken. This was retouched and a second plaster cast taken, which in its turn was retouched. Finally a metal mould of type metal was taken; in the hollows of this were engraved the finishing touches for the sharp outlines and deep shadows. This was a lengthy, highly skilled operation. Impressions for highly finished lithophanic china were taken from this metal mould in a glassy porcelain, the casts being kilned exactly as for ornamental porcelain. A trace of smalt added to the paste would give to the picture a faint bluish tint. Lampshades and night lights were also made in lithophanic porcelain.

SILVER BISCUIT BOXES

I should be interested to know when silver biscuit boxes first made their appearance. I have often looked out for a mid-Victorian biscuit box, which I have assumed came into use in the 'sixties or 'seventies, but I have never seen one, and so have had no opportunity of checking the date by the hall-mark.—W. L. W., 2, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

Silver biscuit boxes do not appear to have been made much earlier than 1858: a hall-marked example of that year is known. None was displayed at the Great Exhibition in 1851, although contemporary domestic silver was exhibited in every fashionable style.

The earliest biscuit-dough kneading machine was invented by Thomas Don in 1831 and installed at the Naval Supply Stores, Deptford, for the production of ship's biscuits. The first machine for mixing the ingredients, kneading the dough, rolling, and cutting confectioners' biscuits on a commercial scale was made in 1841 by Joseph Drew. Confectioners' biscuits had formerly been hand-made, and, being produced in only small quantities, were seldom stored. When production was commercialised, boxes "to keep biscuits free of atmospheric influence" were needed. Gerard Barber, of Bilston, was the first maker of biscuit boxes that were really airtight.

FRANCIS FORMAN, CLOCKMAKER

Some years ago the bracket clock seen in the accompanying photograph came into the possession of this Museum. The donor, so far as I recollect, believed it to be Cromwellian, and the date 1652 was suggested. The maker's name, Francis Forman, appears very clearly, but I have no information concerning his activities.—E. A. BATTY, Librarian and Curator, Public Library and Museum, Yeovil, Somerset.

Francis Forman worked in London and was a prominent maker of watches and clocks in the first half of the 17th century. In 1630 he and Richard Morgan petitioned the King to incorporate the London Clockmakers, and he subscribed £3 towards the cost of the Charter of the Company. He was made assistant of the Clockmakers' Company on its incorporation in 1632, and became Junior Warden to the Company in 1634. He died in 1649.

This lantern clock, with the narrowness of its chapter ring and the engraving on the centre of the dial, indicates an early type, and as Forman died in 1649, before the invention of the pendulum (1658), the original regulator of the clock will have been a balance wheel. As no signs of the balance wheel can be seen in the photograph, it must have been taken away, and a long pendulum fitted in its place, probably at the end of the 17th or the beginning of the 18th century, so that the clock would keep better time.

A LOVE TOKEN

The curiosity shown in the accompanying photograph was brought to me by a lady living in this village who tells me that it belonged to the grandmother of an old friend in whose family it was for three generations. She has no knowledge, however, of the original owner of 1753 whose initials, C.C., appear on the ornamented side, but states that the object was used in corsetry of the period, when "corsets laced at the back," being inserted into a deep hem down the front, after lacing. The wood is a hard uncommon wood, perhaps apple; the length is about



LANTERN CLOCK BY FRANCIS FORMAN, A LONDON CLOCKMAKER (DIED 1649)

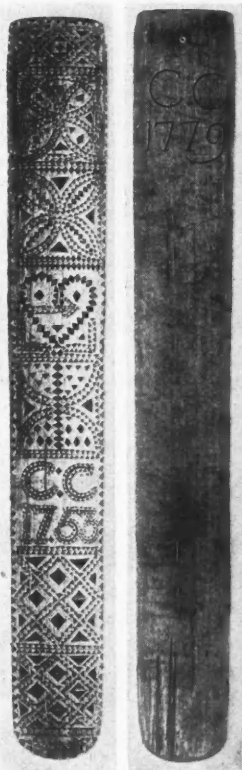
See question: Francis Forman, Clockmaker

13½ ins. and the object tapers about ½ in., evidently to facilitate insertion and withdrawal.—WILLIAM KEAY, Grey Ladies, Gaulby, Billesdon, Leicester.

This is a stay busk, typical of those worn during the first half of the reign of George III. Such busks, in a crude form, were introduced into England early in the 17th century after the abolition of the brocade-covered iron and steel cages fastened with hinges and bolts which preceded corsets in this country.

A stay busk in the London Museum, complete with its corset of blue satin, is carved with a view of Lambeth Palace, initials, and the date 1670. Such busks, made of either whalebone or pliant wood, continued fashionable until about 1795, when the corset became a girdle, short waists and flowing skirts being the vogue. The advent of the sewing machine about 1790 enabled finely boned and stitched satin corsets to be made at less than a third of their former price. The length of stay busks varied according to the type of the outer garments, sometimes extending 4 ins. below the waist.

From about 1750 stay busks were popular presents, often used as love tokens from lovers to their sweethearts. The example in question, with a heart incorporated in the decoration, would fit into this category. Stay busks might pass from mother to daughter, as this one probably did in 1779. Sometimes as many as four differing sets of initials and dates are found carved on the inner surface.



ORNAMENTED STAY BUSK WITH INITIALS C.C. AND THE DATE 1753. The date on the plain side probably shows that it passed from mother to daughter in that year

See question: A Love Token

Questions intended for these pages should be forwarded to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. In no case should originals be sent; nor can any valuation be made.

MONUMENTS AT LYDIARD TREGOZ, WILTS.—I

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

The St. John monuments, "an array of 17th-century masterpieces of superb craftsmanship," sets Lydiard Tregoz among the half-dozen country churches that are outstanding in English Renaissance art

"TIME hath its revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things, *finis rerum*, an end of names and dignities, and why not of de Vere? For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay . . . where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality."

Lord Chief Justice Crewe's noble words, though familiar through quotation, most recently by Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell in his preface to Mrs. Esdaile's *English Church Monuments*, are doubly apt to the astonishing memorials of the St. John's at Lydiard. For where are *their* predecessors in its lordship? Where are Ewyas, Tregoz, Patshull, de Port, and Grandson?—names no less noble and commemorated here by the mausolean enthusiasm of a single descendant in the very years that Donne and the "Fantastics" were expressing the same preoccupation with mortality in poetry.

Lydiard, a British place name, was part of the Royal demesne of Braden Forest in Domesday, given by the Conqueror to William of Eu or Ewyas. The hand and possessions of his descendant's heiress were conferred by Richard I upon Robert Tregoz, of an East Anglian family, whose fortunes and name so became associated with this and other Ewyas manors. His elder son was summoned to Parliament as Baron Tregoz of Lydiard, and John, second Baron Tregoz, who occupied Devizes Castle, died in 1299, leaving two daughters. Ewyas Castle went to one; Lydiard to Sybilla who married William, Lord Grandson. His heiress took it to John, Lord Patshull, one of whose daughters brought Lydiard to Roger, Lord Beauchamp of Bletso in Bedford-



1.—THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, LYDIARD TREGOZ. The south side as seen from the house

shire, Lord Chamberlain of the Household to Edward III (1350), Keeper of Devizes Castle and Captain of Calais (1372), who died 1380. With his descendants Bletso and Lydiard continued till about 1430, when this rich inheritance again devolved upon a girl.

Margaret Beauchamp must have been attractive as well as rich, for she married three times despite her settling her inheritance upon the two sons by her first husband, Oliver St. John. On his death she married secondly, c. 1440, John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, son of John of Gaunt, and had a daughter, Margaret, who, marrying Edmund Tudor, became mother of King Henry VII; and thirdly Lionel, Lord Welles. Of her two St. John sons, John the elder inherited the Bedfordshire estates and is the ancestor of the Lords St. John of Bletso. Oliver, the younger, inherited Lydiard.

This descent is poetically rehearsed below the pictorial and genealogical triptych erected in Lydiard church by Sir John St. John, first baronet, in 1615, which, beginning:

When conquering William won by force of sword
The famous island now called Brittan's land,
Of Lydiard then was EWYAS only Lord,
Whose heir to TREGOZ linckt in marriage band;
and, working up to the Beauchamp-St. John marriage, concludes:

Thus course of time, by God's almighty power,
Hath kept this land of Lydiard in one race
Five hundred forty-nine years, and now more,
Where at this day is St. John's dwelling place . . .

But it does not mention the interesting fact that the St. Johns were generically de Ports—that notable family, Lords of the Norman castle of Basing, whose name dominates the early history of Hampshire. There had been Norman St. Johns—William accompanied the Conqueror from his manor of St. Jean near Rouen and was indeed "grand master of his battering machines, or chief engineer." At an early date their family manor of Stanton St. John, Oxfordshire, was taken by an heiress to Adam de Port, but their son assumed his mother's name, founding the line of Lords St. John of Basing. A younger brother established an estate by conquest in Glamorgan and was ancestor of Sir Oliver of Bletso and Lydiard.

The first record of seignorial occupation of Lydiard is a charter of free warren—licence to enclose a park—by Roger, Lord Beauchamp, the Keeper of Devizes, in 1350. There had been, of course, a village at Lydiard from much earlier times: there are traces of 12th-century work incorporated in the church, the close proximity of which to the mansion, separated only by the garth, suggests that the latter occupies the position of a manor hall coeval with the Ewyas tenure. The church was entirely rebuilt,



(Left) 2.—THE PAINTED CHANCEL SCREEN, WITH ROYAL ARMS OF JAMES I, c. 1615

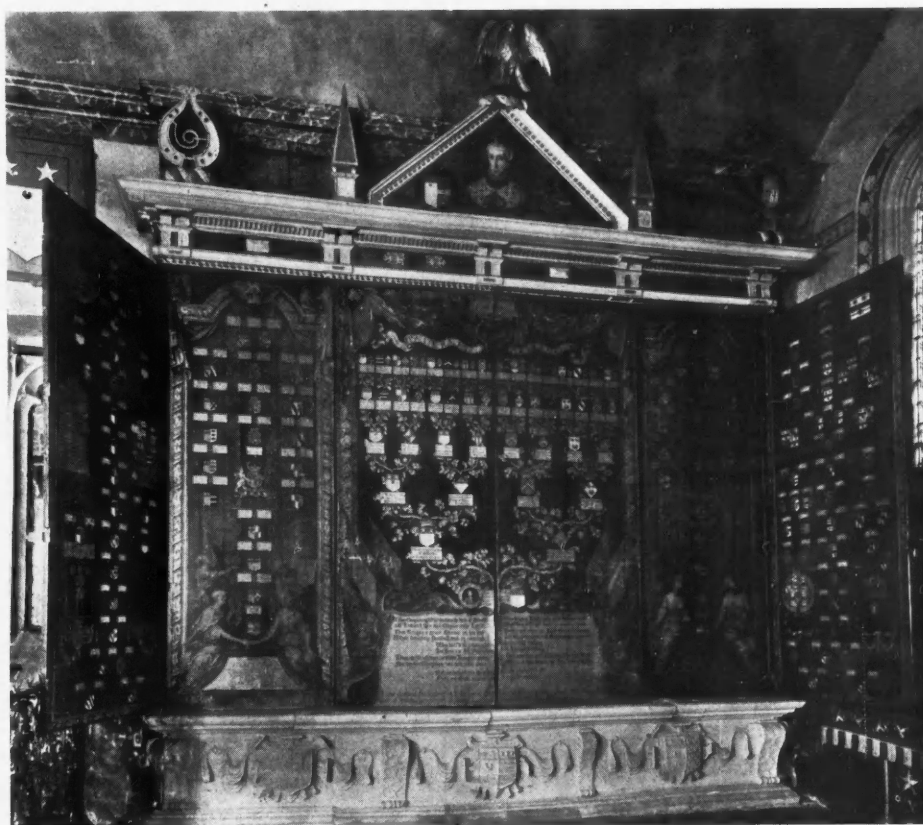


3.—THE CHANCEL; DEEP RED MARBLING; SKY BLUE CEILING. On the left, part of the tomb of Sir John St. John, first baronet c. 1633

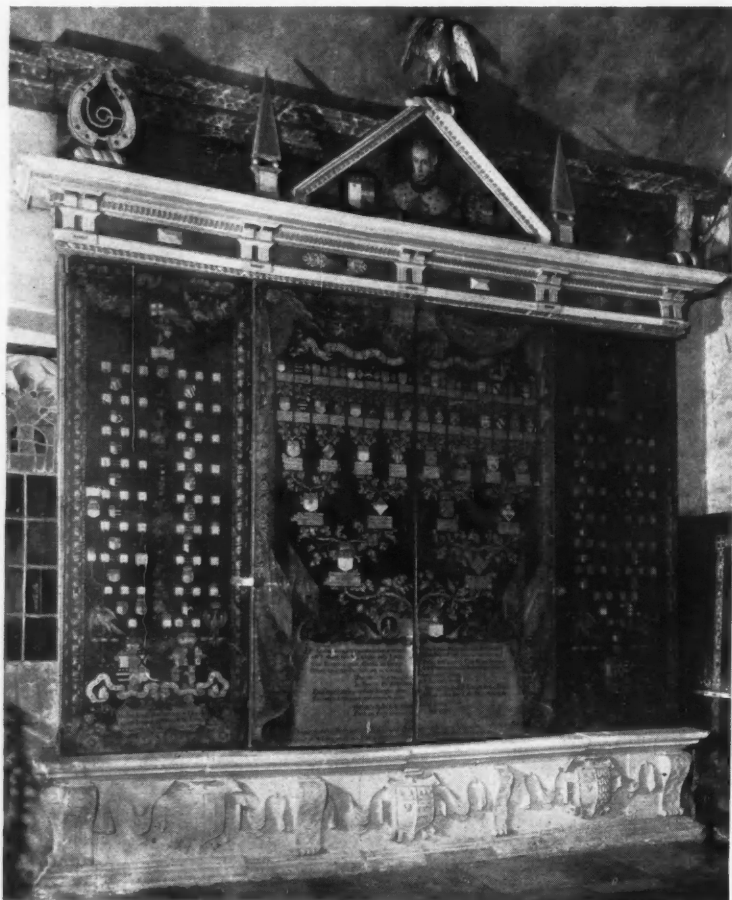
beginning about 1380 but for the most part in the 15th century, in the time of Margaret and Oliver St. John. It is a charming example of that period, with north and south aisles and a south chapel to the chancel, retaining a number of frescoes not later than 1450 and considerable glass of the epoch in the tracing lights of the windows. The south chapel has always been appropriated to the lord of the manor. It is its east window that is late 14th-century work, implying that the chapel's erection (or reconstruction) was the first stage in the re-building of the church. We are concerned, however, not with the church itself but with the extraordinary development of this family chapel by Sir John St. John in early Stuart times.

Oliver St. John of Lydiard, the son of Margaret Beauchamp, was described by Leland as "a stout, black man who died at Fuentarabia in Spain in 1497." His presence there may well have been connected with the confidential negotiations which Henry VII had initiated 10 years previously for the marriage of his son Arthur to the girl-princess Catherine of Aragon. Oliver St. John's employment on such a mission would be accounted for by his close relationship by marriage with the King—whose mother was his step-sister. His son and successor Sir John was, in fact, her chamberlain.

But although the family ever after made much of their connection with the Tudor dynasty, they seem to have lived comparatively obscure. The first to be of more than local note was Oliver, second son of the chamberlain's grandson, who, as a law student, killed a member of Queen Elizabeth's bodyguard



4.—THE ST. JOHN TRIPTYCH, HALF OPENED. The pedigrees, in gold leaf on a brown ground, date in their present form from 1718



5.—THE ST. JOHN TRIPTYCH, CLOSED. Set up by Sir John St. John in 1615; the heraldry and decoration revised 1684 to 1694



6. THE CHANCEL WINDOW. Set up about 1633 by Sir John St. John to his uncle, Lord Grandison. Anglo-Flemish work

in a brawl, so had to flee the kingdom. Joining the Army in Ireland, he did so well that James I created him Viscount Grandison in the Irish peerage and Lord Tregoz in the English, when he bought the manors of Battersea and Wandsworth. This engaging character had no children, and in 1630 left his properties to his nephew, the first baronet, son of Sir John St. John of Lydiard. The Tregoz title lapsed, but that of Grandison passed to the nephew's daughter, wife of Sir Edward Villiers, ancestor of the Earls of Jersey who are also Viscounts Grandison. Meanwhile Sir John, the elder brother, had married Lucy, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Hungerford of Farley, one of the last of that ancient and eminent Wiltshire family, and died 1594.

By 1630, therefore, the St. Johns of Lydiard basked in considerable, if reflected and inherited, glory, centred on Sir John, created baronet in 1611 and now enriched by his uncle Grandison's London manors. He it was who lavished on the chancel and family chapel (which he altered for the purpose) a wealth of art and craftsmanship culminating in his own tomb the erection of which he superintended before his death (1648), and the gilt bronze statue of his son Edward, to be illustrated in the succeeding article. Here we are concerned with his earlier embellishments.

The first in place and probably time is the chancel screen (Fig. 2) of oak carpentry gaily painted, the original colours (white, red, blue and gold) faithfully reproduced in 1901, supporting the Royal Arms of James I. These are carved back and front, the supporters in the round, and the whole coloured and gilded proper. The brilliant effect against the dark chancel, is a fitting introduction to the splendours beyond. These must have been overwhelming when, as Aubrey describes, chancel and chapel were hung with thirty pennons, banners, guidons and mandilions (coat without sleeves) "beautified with all their quarterings, with shield, swords, helmet and crest, made in the manner of a trophie, with gauntlets, gilt spurs, and such like badges of Equestrian dignitie."

About 1633, the date on the arms over the south chapel door, Sir John threw chancel and chapel together by replacing the 15th-century arcade by three columns carrying an entablature, as had also been done a few years earlier in Battersea Church. These, except for the white marble capitals and bases, are painted of a deep reddish marbling which is extended over the chancel and chapel arches and round the whole cornice, while the plastered vault of the chancel roof is mottled sky blue (Fig. 3).

The north wall of the chancel is occupied by the "pourtraictures," as Aubrey described it, of the two Sir John St. Johns, elaborately mounted and contrived as a double triptych. It is supported on a sculptured stone base and surmounted by a projecting cornice carrying, between the St. John badges, a pediment on which perches their crest, a gold falcon, and which contains in a medallion a portrait of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond (Fig. 5). The outer surfaces of the four leaves are painted with the St. John family tree, applied at a later date, its foliage gold, on a brown background, enriched with appropriate coats of arms (Fig. 5). On the lateral leaves being opened, two further panels of heraldry are disclosed (Fig. 4). The two central leaves then fold back to reveal the "pourtraicture" (Fig. 7)—its wings consisting in the backs of the central doors.

In the middle are Sir John (*d.* 1594) and his wife Lucy Hungerford, kneeling on a sarcophagus with an inscription saying that they lie here and that this was erected by their son in 1615 "the twentieth of July." He, Sir John the baronet, stands on the left in gold and black armour over his black suit, with Ann Leighton his first wife, both fairly young. To the right are ranged six daughters each with the arms of her husband (all knights or better) at her feet. The picture is framed by painted columns supporting the (real) entablature and a coffered ceiling diminishing in sharp perspective.

By 1615, when twenty years after his father's death Sir John commemorated the whole Lydiard family in this way, the girls were all married. One of them, the youngest, had married Sir Alan Apsley, Governor of the Tower during Raleigh's imprisonment, and had a daughter, Lucy, the celebrated wife and biographer of Colonel Hutchinson the Parliamentarian. Mrs. Hutchinson, in a description of her mother's family, brings the whole picture to life. Of Lady Apsley, (seen on the left of the line) Lucy wrote:

her father and mother died when she was not above five years of age and yet at her nurse's; from whence she was carried and brought up, in the house of the Lord Grandison her father's younger brother, an honourable and excellent person, but married to a lady (Joan Roydon, widow of Holcroft) so jealous of him and so ill-natured in her jealous fits to anything that was related to him, that her cruelties to my mother exceeded the stories of step-mothers. The rest of my aunts, my mother's sisters, were

disperst to severall places where they grew up till my uncle Sir John St. John being married to the daughter of Sir Thomas Laten (Leighton), they were all brought home to my brother's house. There were not in those days so many beautifull women found in any family as these, but my mother was by the most judgements preferr'd before all her elder sisters who, something envious att it, used her unkindly; yett all the suitors that came to them still turned their addresses to her, which she in her youthful innocency neglected, till one of greater name, estate, and reputation than the rest hapned to fall deeply in love with her, and to manage it so discreetly that my mother could not but entertaine him: and my uncle's wife who had a mother's kindness to her, perswaded her to remove herself from her sisters' envie by going along with her to the Isle of Jernsey where her father was Governor. Arriving there Lucy St. John boarded at the

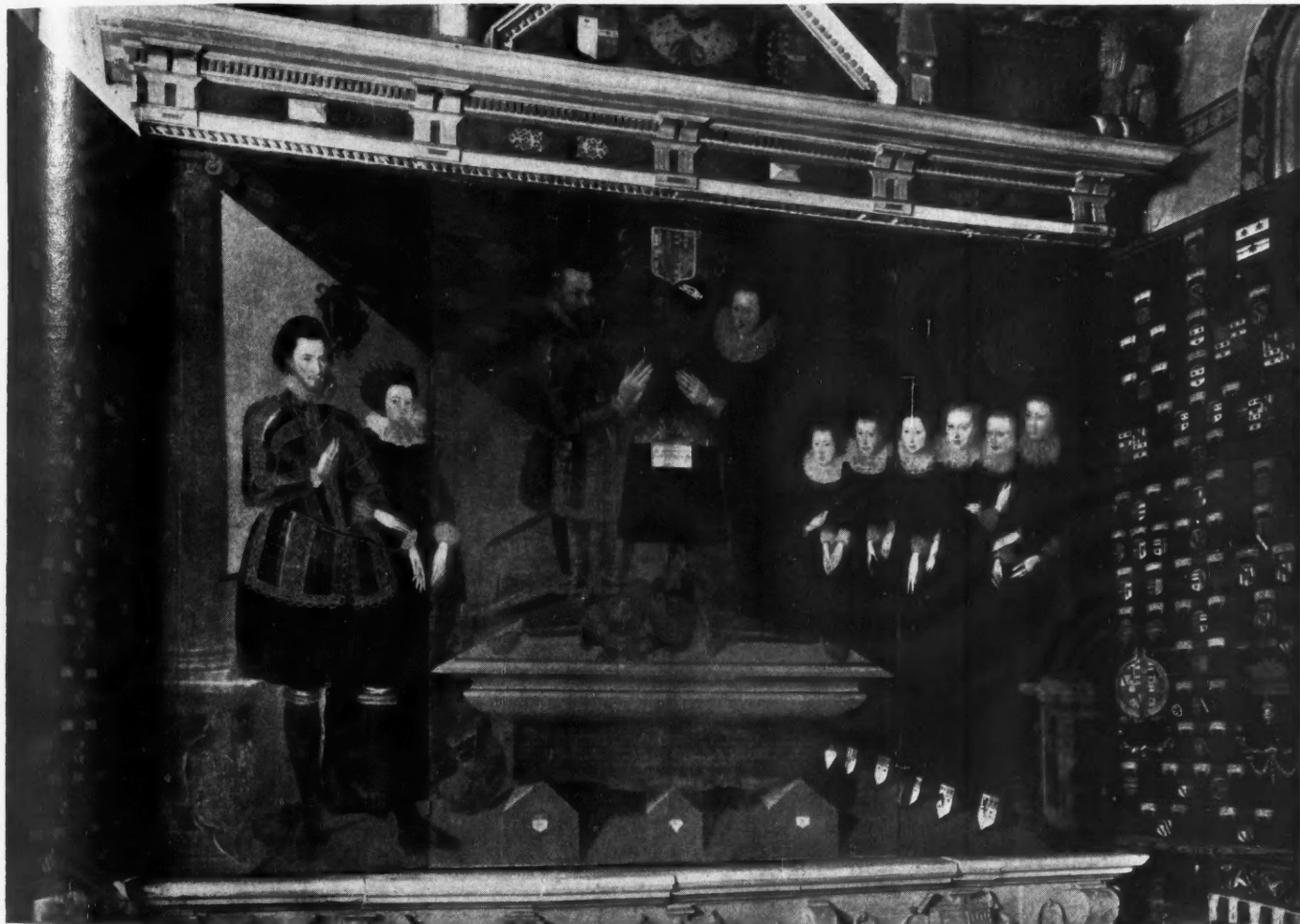
heraldic memorials may have been stimulated by St. George.

The gold oak-leaved foliage of the "tree" on these doors was again brought down to Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, portrayed in a medallion as a boy, the accompanying inscription to which is dated 1718. The two inner surfaces alongside trace respectively the family's Tudor connections and its descent by heirs general from other noble families. These tables (Fig. 4) are framed in gold-painted mouldings and are supported by groups of emblematical female figures in grisaille, probably of the 1694 revision, as is also the portrait in the pediment.

By whom was this astonishing memorial revised as late as 1718? At that date Bolingbroke was in exile and at-

1947), dated 1588, the other comparable analogy. The Harwell triptych at Besford, 1605, is altogether less ambitious. The St. John portrait, however, is more nearly akin to the "Great Picture" at Appleby Castle painted for Lady Anne Clifford in 1646 which, likewise, is in the manner of Cornelis Jansen.

Sir John's next ornament to Lydiard Church, and the last that we can notice now, was the glass of the chancel window (Fig. 6). This evidently commemorates his uncle and benefactor Lord Grandison, whose arms occupy the base of the left light. The whole window is a rebus on his name Oliver St. John: in the middle light, an olive tree hung with the shields of Ewyas, Tregoz, Grandison, Patshull, Beauchamp, and Sir Oliver himself, which are repeated below; St. John Baptist in the left, and St. John Evangelist in the right



7.—THE ST. JOHN TRIPTYCH, 1615. In the middle, kneeling, Sir John St. John, d. 1594, and Lucy (Hungerford), his wife. On left, Sir John St. John, first baronet, and Ann (Leighton), his wife. On right, six daughters of the former. Artist unknown

house of a French Protestant minister where she became enamoured of the Geneva discipline. On her return to England the suitor had been persuaded to marry someone else, and Lucy was about to return to the Minister's when Sir Allen Apsley, meeting her accidentally at her uncle's Sir William St. John's, obtained her hand.

The heraldry on the lateral doors, tracing the pedigree of St. John of Lydiard and Bletso, is dated 1684; that on the middle doors, headed "Thirty Two Ancestors," "Paternal" and "Maternal" respectively, has an inscription below stating that the genealogy was the work of Sir Richard St. George, the herald, in 1615 "and now transcribed this present year 1694." St. George was the baronet's uncle, and it is a question how much the latter's enthusiasm for

tainted, yet he is shown not only as the final product of St. John genealogy but as a mere boy and unmarried, while there is no reference to his younger half-brother John to whom the St. John Viscountcy, created in 1716, was specifically remaindered. The problem is obstinate. I can only suggest that this somewhat biased embellishment of Sir John's "pourtraicture" was due to Bolingbroke's desolate and once wealthy wife, Frances Winchcombe, who died in 1718 and possibly left directions for it to be done in her will. Omission of her own name would be characteristic of her gentle, tragic spirit.

The triptych itself, in its original form, may have borne closer resemblance than it now does to the Cornwall triptych at Burford, Shropshire (COUNTRY LIFE, December 26,

above Sir John St. John's coat). The tracery lights contain angels carrying shields charged with the St. John badges. Lord Grandison died in 1630. The stained glass is clearly the work of one of the group of Flemish glaziers working in England 1620-40, of whom the Van Lings are the best known for their windows in Lincoln's Inn and Wadham College Chapels, and Christ Church, Oxford. But the Lydiard windows are clearly by another hand, resembling closely the windows in the chapel of Lincoln College, Oxford, by an unknown glazier c. 1630, who, however, was evidently one of the Flemish company.

Consideration of St. John's further works including the other windows he set up must be postponed till next week.

(To be concluded.)

A BIRD-WATCHER ON LUNDY

By J. ALLAN CASH

A GLIMPSE of the birds of Lundy during a short visit in August was quite sufficient to fire me with enthusiasm to revisit the island during the nesting season. In early August only the kittiwakes are left of the masses of sea birds which build their nests on the cliffs and slopes. The puffins, razorbills and guillemots have all gone, with the exception of a possible straggler here and there, and the weird moans and raucous cries of the Manx shearwaters no longer disturb the dark hours of the night. These birds have all disappeared far out to sea and are not likely to be seen again until the following year.

I visited Lundy again in the middle of June, 1947, by which time all the birds were sitting and some had already hatched their young. Though pairing, mating and nest-building were over, there was plenty left to see and to photograph, and I count the hours I spent on the puffin slopes and cliffs round the north end of the island (Fig. 1) among the happiest I can recollect.

Having the good fortune to be a friend of the owner—Mr. Martin Coles Harman—I was privileged to stay in Mill Combe during my visit. This meant a walk along the top of the island for a good three miles to reach the north end. But on a sunny June day this is no hardship. There is always a cool breeze on Lundy (usually a westerly wind straight off the broad Atlantic) and there is plenty to see and hear. The colours, for instance, are brilliant on a sunny day. The sea, I always maintain, is as blue as the Mediterranean, and is shown off to perfection against the grey and brown rocks and cliffs of the west coast and the rich green of the bracken-covered eastern slopes.

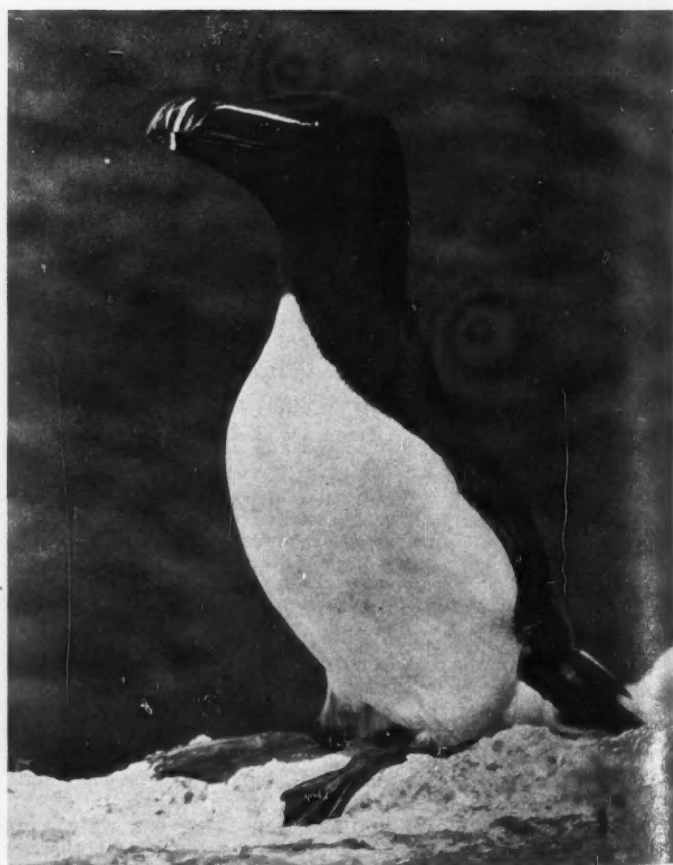
The island is a great stopping and resting place for birds on migration. But many stay to nest, and a quiet and peaceful spot they must find it, for there are no roads or traffic on Lundy, and few people. The track from the landing beach to Mill Combe and the farm above is occasionally traversed by the one tractor on the island; for the rest it is a case of walking. And



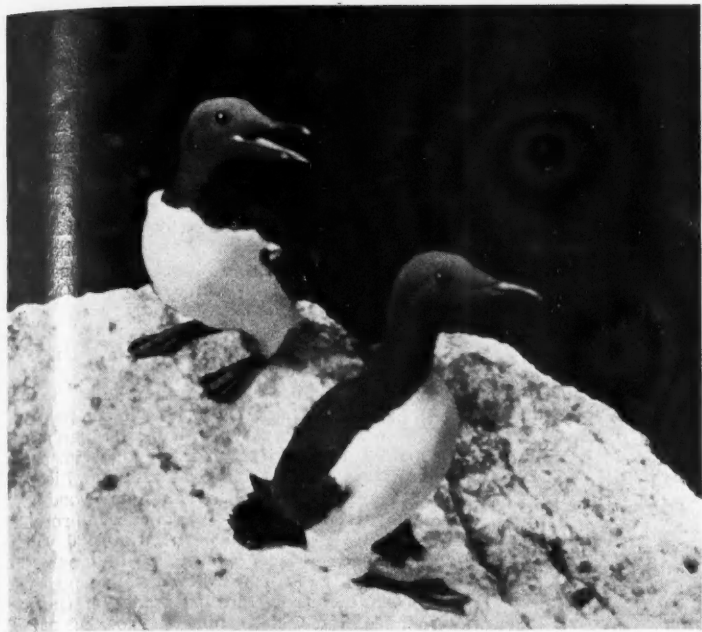
1.—THE SLOPES BELOW THE NORTH LIGHT, LUNDY, WHERE PUFFINS NEST

on a walk along the island one is likely to see and hear many birds. There are curlews nesting in the marshy land in the centre, oyster-catchers crying in alarm and wheeling close overhead as one approaches their nests, peewits swinging through the sky with their delightful cries. I heard mistle-thrushes chirring, cuckoos calling, blackbirds, wrens, robins and warblers singing. Pipits flew up from under my feet and larks filled the summer air with their song from on high.

Before descending to the puffin slopes at the north end of the island, I looked down over the western sidings from the towering outcrops of granite above them. The sidings are steep and grassy here; it is too windy and exposed for even bracken to grow. They soon end in precipitous cliffs, at the foot of which great Atlantic rollers crash and boom, even on the calmest days. On the cliffs thousands of birds, mostly razorbills, guillemots and kittiwakes were nesting,



2 and 3.—“I HAD THE CLEAREST POSSIBLE VIEWS OF PUFFINS AND (right) RAZORBILLS”



4.—"IT WAS ONLY ON A DANGEROUS CLIFF THAT I GOT ANYWHERE NEAR THE GUILLEMOTS"

occupying every protrusion and crevice that would hold an egg or a nest. There was a constant stream of birds flying down from the cliffs to the sea, or up again after feeding in the tide races. The sea was dotted with birds resting or swimming on its surface.

I was anxious to get closer to the birds and so I turned away and dropped over the northern end, easing myself gently down through the masses of bluebells and campion. Farther down were numerous boulders and below them low cliffs, about the lowest on the island, I should say, which made these northern slopes or sidings more extensive than the average. On every boulder was a group of birds, perhaps only two or three, maybe a dozen or twenty. They all seemed to be razorbills or puffins; the guillemots preferred the cliffs.

I went down among the boulders and the birds flew away. I had been told that they would take no notice of me, but it was not so. I waited, half hidden, among the great stones. There was a constant whirring of wings, and birds flew past and overhead continually. Some made to land on rocks near me but suddenly backed-pedalled furiously in mid-air on seeing me and dived off to the water again.

Many of the birds had small fish in their mouths—neat lines of them—with the heads nearly always on one side, and the tails on the other of their elastic-lined mandibles. Beneath and all round me came the weirdest noises from under the earth—grunts and growls such as might issue from a den of bears. Occasionally a bird issued forth with a great scuffling and slapping of wings on the rocks and a cry of alarm. Clearly the birds' nests were in the rabbit-holes among the boulders. I decided to try a different method of approach.

Very gently and with the slowest of movements I made my way over and round the rocks towards those occupied by birds fifty or more yards away. I moved with the slowest of slow motions. Whenever the nearest birds showed signs of alarm I stopped until they settled down again. Gradually I approached to within a few yards of them. Slowly raising my camera, I began taking pictures. Then I moved on again, by the same slow method. Soon I was really among the birds, within ten or twelve feet of them. I had the clearest possible views of puffins and razorbills, so that every mark and colour,

every feather almost, was clearly seen. I began taking pictures of single birds (Figs. 2 and 3).

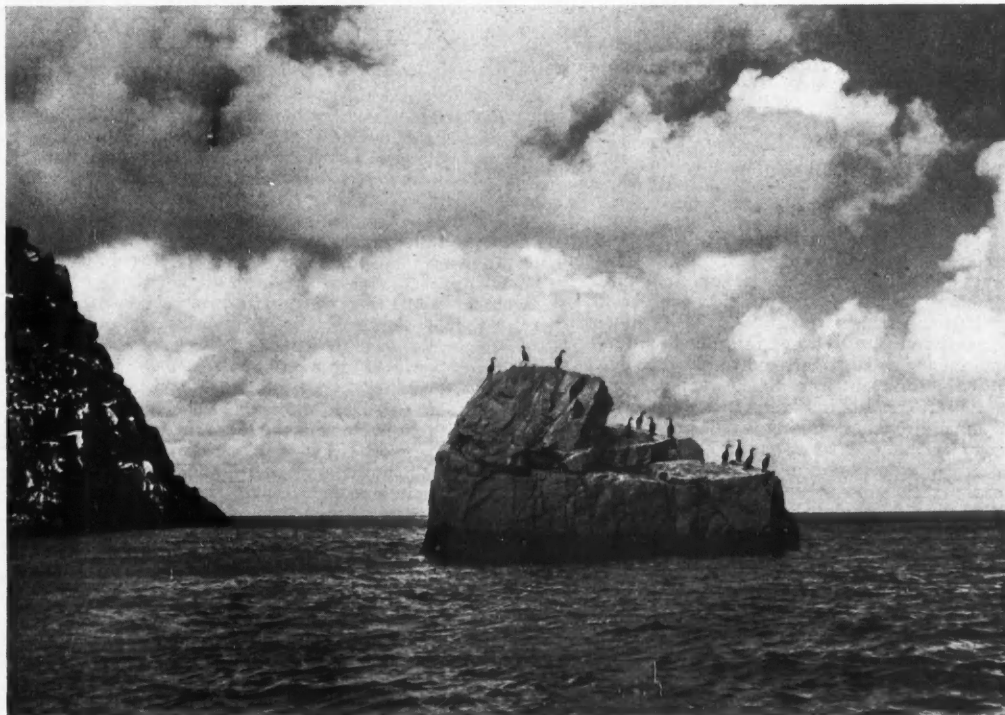
Still the same strange noises came from underground, and birds continued to issue forth like feathered cannon shells from close beneath me. Others came down on to the rocks near me, landing as close as five feet away. Some were too close for me to get them all in my camera view-finder at once, and I had to lean back, away from them. I sat there and watched them for a long time, getting my fill of pictures. Not far away, a rabbit came out and sat among the birds, quite unconcerned, though doubtless many a battle took place between animal and bird for possession of a good burrow earlier in the nesting season. Satisfied with my efforts, I stood up with the first sudden movement for hours. I expected a great flurry of wings as the birds fled in alarm. But nothing of the sort occurred. Not one moved. They took no notice whatever of me; I had evidently been accepted by them as harmless.

I then made my way round the corner of the cliff into Kittiwake Gully. This is a long narrow fissure in the face of the cliff near the North Light much favoured by the dainty little grey and white kittiwakes. I had previously photographed them from the opposite side, less than 20 feet away from them. Their nests were perched on any tiny prominence or ledge that would hold them. They crowded the cliff until it became thickly dotted with their white bodies. I sat comfortably on an enormous cushion of soft and spongy sea pink, with my legs dangling over the 200-foot-deep cavern. Far below I could hear the waves surging in and out; it was too narrow for me to see them. The birds carried on with their domestic affairs, taking no notice of me.

I wanted to see them at closer quarters, so I ventured round the corner on to their cliff. It was nicely broken up at first, with ledges conveniently squared off, one above the other, about a foot wide. Many razorbills and guillemots had their eggs on these ledges, and I had to tread with extreme caution to avoid destroying them. The birds moved only when I was almost on top of them. Some of them, and a few puffins, were nesting in holes and cracks inside the cliff face. I could hear their grunts and cries, and the scuffling of their wings as they prepared to fly out. I wondered what would happen if one flew out and hit me on the side of the head. I looked down 200 feet to the waves surging among jagged rocks below and resolved to take every precaution.

I progressed slowly round the corner towards the kittiwakes, taking occasional pictures as I went. Then suddenly, from a crack I had not noticed, close to my head, a loud scuffling took place. I turned quickly away and hunched my shoulders. Something heavy hit me between the shoulder blades with a loud squawk. I felt the broad paddles of the bird's feet run up my back, over my neck on to the top of my head, and I felt the strong thrust of the take-off as the bird launched itself into the air again. I shook with laughter and only wished someone had been present to see this extraordinary spectacle. All the same, I was glad the bird had given me a little warning. I found the guillemots much more shy than the other birds. They rarely permitted me to approach within 20 feet, and it was only on that dangerous cliff that I got anywhere near them.

I frequently think of those delightful hours spent among the birds on Lundy, and hear again the rapid beat of many wings whirring overhead. I see the stocky birds sailing down to the sea on their short outstretched wings, beating rapidly as they approach the water, then plopping right under the surface as they land, to bob up a moment later like so many corks. I hear the raucous cries and grunts from the rabbit-holes beneath the boulders and the sharp "kittiwake! kittiwake!" of the soft grey and white birds in the deep gully. And finally I remember the beautiful colours on those northern slopes, the masses of sea pink, the bluebells and campion, the pale grey rocks and the Mediterranean blue of the sea. Truly a place to return to again and again!



5.—CORMORANTS ON GULL ROCK, AN ISLET OFF THE EAST COAST OF LUNDY

THE YOUNG SHOOTER

By J. B. DROUGHT

NOWADAYS there are so many more diversions for a youngster than there were a generation back that his attitude towards field sports depends more than ever on the method of his introduction to them. Most men have their own ideas about the best way of teaching their young hopefuls to shoot straight, but what I am more concerned with is the essential preliminaries to entrusting any novice with a loaded gun. I will not argue as to whether modern youth is less amenable to discipline than was my own generation. It is enough to say that, while discipline must always be implicit in any training that involves the handling of lethal weapons, it is more likely than not to defeat its own object and to sicken a boy of the whole business before he gets fairly started, should it be enforced with the stern rigidity that was characteristic of many a preceptor of the old school. This is not to suggest that the cardinal principles of safety and shooting etiquette are any less important than they were. But one does feel sometimes that these would be more readily assimilated were more features of natural interest embodied in the elementary programme.

For example, we send our boys to shooting schools in many instances before they are grounded in the fundamentals of gun handling. Shooting schools are admirable institutions, at which, by means of trial and error, the fit of guns and the faults of their handlers can be expertly determined. But they are essentially the finishing, not the preparatory, schools for the young, who may learn of stance and footwork, of errors of aim and lead and all the rest of it, perhaps, but only in so far as these apply to artificially propelled objects which are constant in pace and flight, and lack the variability of wild creatures in their natural element. And surely this is putting the cart before the horse.

It would seem more logical to teach the first principles of marksmanship by affording a lad the widest possible opportunity to observe the habits and peculiarities of ground and feathered game. After all, the superiority of the first-class over the mediocre shot is due primarily to the former's ability to adapt himself more quickly to varying circumstances, as well as to his lightning reaction to the type of target which presents itself. As he lifts his gun he gauges instinctively the distance, pace and direction of the rising and the driven bird alike. Most probably he cannot tell you how he does it, nor is it easy to put into words. But it seems as though foot and body movement into the correct positions respond in a split second to the telegraphy of the brain, and the eyes never leave the target despite a lightning change of focus enabling the barrels to be brought into alignment. And this perfection is attained mainly by close and constant study of bird movement in all circumstances of wind and weather.

So it has always seemed to me that good shooting, in the average individual of normal eyesight and physique, is the outcome first and foremost of keen and intelligent observation. What one may term gun "drill" is of course essential for the beginner in order to strengthen muscular development, and to promote deftness in handling an unaccustomed weapon. But gun drill, if it consists in aiming interminably at the same old fixed or moving target in the orchard, may be likened to a recruit's course on the barrack square, of a tediousness tending to exasperation—in other words, the "too rigid" discipline referred to earlier on. Precisely the same dexterity can be derived from allowing a youngster an unloaded gun in the open country, where, in observation of the paces, heights and twists and turns of varied species, his interest will be caught and held.

Besides, a good deal more than the theory of straight shooting can be learnt in this way. Balance, footwork, swing and body movement, all depend on and differ in degree according to the type of shot suddenly presented. When birds are getting up all round him, or coming over at varying heights, a boy will soon learn, from his

efforts to align them, the comfortable and also the impossible positions from which to do so. He will learn that swinging on to birds involves the movement of the whole body, and that to check the swing upsets this natural movement and his stance as well. For he will soon recognise that just as the left hand is the guiding hand upon the gun, so the left foot must bear nearly the full weight of the body as it is thrown in the direction of the target. Therefore I believe that the more varied the objectives he can be shown in his initial training, the more it will conduce to his successful début with a loaded gun. He will have acquired at least a rudimentary appreciation of the flights of birds and of the degrees of difficulty presented by such widely differing species as the low twisting snipe and the rocketing pheasant.

There is another highly important aspect of this practical education in the field. The principles of safety and the reasons for them can be objectively demonstrated. When all is said, the vast majority of gun accidents occur through men taking risky shots at low-flying birds or at ground game bolting through a line of shooters.

On birds flushed to front and flank, crossing or passing overhead, therefore, practical illustration can be given of the heights and angles at which it would be safe or dangerous to fire. Likewise, an intelligent youth will see for himself the margins of safety to either flank, be he one of a line of guns walking up game or standing in a ride, having regard to whether the country is flat or undulating. Objectively, too, he can be shown the reasons why a gun must always be empty when crossing a stile or ditch or when negotiating a slippery slope; why it should not be used as a battering ram to force a way through undergrowth, and why, in the presence of many other guns and beaters, it must be carried at a safe angle and unloaded between drives. Such practical demonstrations, on ground over which the youngster will eventually shoot, are likely to leave a more lasting impression on his mind than any amount of abstract instruction on imaginary targets in the home paddock.

I do not suggest that the pupil will be "word perfect" in a day or two, for as yet he will have learnt little or nothing of the range or pattern of his gun. But at least he will have

taken in a good deal—the unforgivable sin of firing down the line, for instance, and the momentary forgetfulness with which chances may be taken unless a shooter curbs his excitement and keeps his wits about him.

A youngster should make a special point of practising judging distance accurately. For some reason this is a matter of considerable difficulty to many people. "A chance shot will kill the devil" is an old saying, and a clean kill of a game bird at a distance of over 50 yards is more of a chance than most things. Novices are usually inclined to fire at too long ranges with the consequence that, if the "chance" comes off, the quarry is far more likely to be pricked or slightly wounded than killed.

The great majority of kills in the field are at short ranges; in fact, yards shorter than many shooters realise. If a man could keep an accurate record of the distances at which he killed grouse, partridges, snipe and woodcock, during his entire sporting experience, it probably would work out at between 20 and 30 yards. The latter distance, in cover, would appear to be quite a long shot; just how long may be tested by hanging up a bird, stepping off the full distance, and then turning and looking at the bird. Many men would guess it to be 50 yards away.

Of course, in wild-fowling longer shots are very frequent. But even here the eye will estimate what the tape-line will not substantiate. The bird that falls at apparently 50 yards range is really only 35 or 40 yards away; 50 yards across water are very long "yards," and single birds seem to object to stopping at that distance. The duck shooter knows the truth of this statement.

Finally, one might suggest some maxims for the embryo gun-handler. Hold a trifle low for a bird apparently flying straight away from the gun; hold just above a bird rapidly rising without side-motion; hold the same for a bird going straight away and close to the ground; hold above and ahead of birds rising and going to right or left; hold ahead of birds going straight to right or left; hold ahead and below birds going to right or left and lowering; hold dead on an incomer (and give it to him quickly, for every yard the bird approaches, the smaller is the spread of shot); hold ahead of birds passing above you. Last, but not least, never check the even swing of the body or the gun.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S NOTES

By EILUNED LEWIS

IN April the countryside shames us with its New Look, and it would be no more sensible to say that this spring resembles every other spring than it would be to tell a woman that she can disregard fashion. No two years are the same: from blossoming crown to hem of smallest flowers, the garden wears its garment with a difference, depending on whether the frost has held back this or that shrub or plant and whether something we put in two years ago, and then forgot, has taken heart of grace and suddenly bloomed. Will the pink cherry clash this year with the salmon *Cydonia japonica* just below it, or will they obligingly flower at different times? Does the magnolia tree intend offering its exquisite veined goblets, and will the humble lung-wort (which has many names, but I like "Joseph and Mary" best) provide a carpet beneath the immaculate feast?

There they all are, displaying their varied designs, while the chaffinch is trying out that new-old twirl at the end of his song, and the Countrywoman in earnest consultation with the village dressmaker tries what can be done with an old frock and a length of new stuff, brought from the Indies a year ago and therefore a world too narrow for even the most modified crinoline, pannier, bustle or other vagary of our dress designers. Such conceits, of course, are for gala occasions; the idea of bicycling to the village with flounces billowing among the spokes, or feeding the hens in "a sprigged cotton dipping

to the ground" is not one to recommend itself to the sane housewife, although the dressmaker's little garden brims up to her open cottage door with such a riot of colour, scents and New Look that it is difficult for even the most middle-aged to remain entirely level-headed.

APRIL and cemeteries, it may be argued, do not go well together, yet at this season no feature of the country scene is more pleasing to the æsthetic eye than the parish churchyard.

*Where Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck the hallowed mould,*

starring the grass with primrose and celandine, setting snowy blackthorn against the yew tree's shade, and spilling the brilliantly clear light of spring on grey headstone and decorative epitaph. Equally, of course, does this clear light show up the glaring white or rain-streaked marble of a later age and taste, and we realise how much less harmonious is the modern extension of our country graveyards.

I was reminded of this when recently visiting a fine old church in farthest Essex, where, since there was to be a change of vicars and my host chanced to be church-warden, the topic was under discussion. The freehold of the churchyard, I learnt, is vested in the incumbent, whose sanction is required for the erection of any memorial. In this case, the outgoing vicar had been a martinet in matters of taste, and the

parish, a little fretted by twenty years' insistence on grey stone to match the church walls, were hoping to get back to their cherished marble. "And they won't be happy," the sexton remarked, "until they do."

There seems just now a dearth of skilled workers in stone, capable of chiselling a satisfactory inscription. Perhaps a cross of seasoned English timber, where obtainable, is the best substitute in the meantime. But shall we ever make again those carved stone head-stones which, with their cherub faces, their delicate floral wreaths and flowing lettering, deck some southern churchyards so tenderly and graciously?

The practice of taking in fresh ground is, after all, a new one. Old graveyards were frequently levelled and their contents, as Thomas Hardy reminds us,

*Half stifled in this jumbled patch
Of wrenched memorial stones.
The wicked people have annexed
The verses of the good;
A roaring drunkard sports the text
Teetotal Tommy should.*

In the end, the poet cries to be delivered "from zealous Churchmen's pick and plane," yet there was something to be said for these when the object was to preserve the beauty and reasonable

size of our burying-grounds. One has but to compare them with the desolate forests of metal crosses and beaded ornaments of Continental cemeteries to realise the dignity of our English heritage. Sometimes one may feel that in to-day's stress Hardy's pessimism is not the surest foundation for graveyard wisdom. Then one can go to a church facing the Goodwin Sands, and read there the hundred-year-old epitaph of a lifeboat coxswain:

*Full many a life he saved
With his undaunted crew;
He put his trust in Providence
AND CARED NOT HOW IT BLEW.*

YOUTH AT ST. GEORGE'S

ONING to such agreeable circumstances at Easter, over which I had no control, I must of necessity be late for the fair as to the University match; but I am not going to deny myself the pleasure of writing about it, if only because it was such fun to see St. George's again after a scandalously long absence. And this was Sandwich as everyone beholds it in dreams, the traditional Sandwich of larks singing of the bluest possible Pegwell Bay and the whitest possible cliffs shining beyond it. The course itself was astonishingly good. To look at it now there might never have been a war, save only for the 11th green and that is convalescent and will be quite well again for the Amateur Championship.

Moreover, I am inclined to think that the course has positively benefited by the long rest of the war in losing something of the too inland character that had been creeping stealthily over it, and reverting to its original seaside nature. This may be only an idle fancy, but it is a pleasant one, and at any rate the course was as good as good could be.

It would be an abuse of language to say that the match was exciting; Oxford won too easily for that, as everyone expected they would. But it was at least extremely interesting, and credit is due to the obviously weaker side, Cambridge, for making it so. They fought hard and well, and if the match as a whole was not thrilling many of the individual matches were. Indeed, on the first day there seemed at one time a great chance of Cambridge gaining the odd point in the foursomes. I do not for a moment suggest that if they had they would have won the whole match, but it would have given a fillip to the second day's play which, as things were, was a little lacking. A great deal hung on the first foursome in which Scholfield and Smyth were four up with sixteen to play. That priceless lead was too quickly dissipated and reduced to one, but they struggled on to be two up again at the 12th, and after that came, if not the deluge, a series of Cambridge calamities over which a kindly veil may now be drawn. Helm and Gracey are not only good players individually but an eminently "stuffy" pair; they took what the gods gave them with admirable steadiness and won most deservedly.

That was a severe blow to Cambridge hopes, but there was cheering compensation in the victory of the third pair over Hurst and Macdonald. Thirty or forty years on some hoary-headed swain, when called upon to admire a modern hero, may say, "Ah, but you should just have seen the finish of Kneel and Griffiths!" It was intensely dramatic. Hurst and Macdonald having been down were one up with three to play, and Hurst had the honour. With an open green in front of him and a favouring breeze behind him nobody expected such an excellent golfer to do anything but plump his tee shot on to the middle of the green. If he had—well, at any rate, he didn't. *Bonus dormitat Homerus*; he gave a lurch of his body and cut the ball into the right-hand bunker. Kneel took his chance, and won the hole with a three. Both played the 17th quite well, but Macdonald just missed his putt in the odd and Kneel nearly broke the tin in triumphantly banging in his four-footer to be dormy one. Finally, at the home hole Griffiths played a truly magnificent iron shot to the green and his partner having



F. D. TATUM, OF OXFORD, PUTTING AT HADES IN A FOURSOME

two for the match, out of pure superfluity of venom holed his six-yard putt for three: 3, 4, 3 at Sandwich! Who shall stand against so irresistible a rush?

I have laid stress on that finish partly no doubt from a natural Cambridge bias, but partly also because the second day's play, though containing plenty of good things, lacked any such supreme moment. When Oxford were leading in eight out of the ten singles at lunch time, nothing but the proverbial stroke of apoplexy could save Cambridge, and in fact the match moved steadily and sombrely to its appointed end. Oxford had three really good players at the top of their team in Hurst, the captain, Tatum, their invaluable ally from California, and Helm, who may not look an elegant player but silences criticism by making a great many good shots and very, very few bad ones. All three played fine golf and were always winning; that did not leave a great deal for the rest to do, and they did it uncommonly well.

The two obvious heroes on the beaten side were Kneel and Pearsall, both of whom added a victory in the singles to one in the foursomes, but the last two men on the side, Nicholson and Clarke, though they both just lost, deserve a special word. On the day before they had played Houlding and Stobbs in the foursomes and been beaten by a hideously large margin—to be uncharitably precise by 14 up and 12 to play. Now they had to face their two murderers in the singles and the shadow of the foursomes must have been dauntingly black across their path. Yet one of them only succumbed on the 36th, and the other on the 35th, green. There are others who might be named, such as

Kitchin, of Oxford, who has great power and will some day, I think, be very good indeed; but let me rather include them all in an omnibus clause, as playing golf well and cheerfully and pleasantly.

It was such a long time since I had been at Sandwich that at first I was a little hazy as to some of the short cuts whereby a lot can be seen without too exhausting walks. However, memory soon revived, and I evolved a watching technique which I offer tentatively to those who propose to see the Amateur Championship and are, like me, unable to go too far. A certain amount of honest trudging is necessary to begin with. As a rule I walked the first three holes with one match and then branched away to the left by the little secret path that winds through the hills to the Maiden green. That makes a first good halting place. After that I saw the tee shots to the 7th and then made another deviation to the back of the Hades green. Then I walked the length of the 9th, crossed to the 12th, which is next door to the 15th, and finally walked the last three holes, fair heel and toe, with any couple that took my fancy.

This is admittedly not a perfect plan, since I did not see, for instance, the 4th, an old favourite, or the 10th, a very fine hole with a most difficult and interesting approach. As to the 13th, far away in the corner I never thought of attempting it, and the Suez Canal I could see only in the dimmest distance. Still, as an inner circuit for the hobblers this gives plenty of varied sight-seeing without any too frantic mountaineering. The crest of the Maiden looked very inviting, but discretion—or was it only laziness?—prevailed.

A Golf Commentary by
BERNARD DARWIN

CORRESPONDENCE

WAS CHAUCER
WRONG?

SIR,—In the foreword of the *Canterbury Tales*, "the hoost," that is Chaucer, wrote:

*Though he were not expert in love,
He wiste it was the eighte day,
Of April, that is the Messenger to
May,*

and proceeded

*That Phebus, which that shoon so
clere and bryghte,
Degrees was fyve and fourty clombe
on hyghte.*

The sun attains 38 degrees at the equinox and afterwards gains about 1 degree per week. Even making allowance for the eleven days that were blotted out in September, 1752, Chaucer seems to have added a bit to "Phebus clombe on hyghte."—HASTWELL GRAYSON, *Monkery Farm, Great Milton, Oxon.*

ARRIVAL OF THE
WILLOW-WREN

SIR,—On the evening of March 29, which was rather cold and windy after several warm and sunny days, I heard a willow-wren singing here. Is not this an early date?—MARGARET FORTESCUE, *Foscole, Banbury, Oxon.*

[Willow-wrens commonly reach these shores during the last week of March, and though they usually do not penetrate as far as the South Midlands until the first week of April, in exceptionally early springs, such as this one, a few are heard there during the last few days of March.—ED.]

CAMBERWELL BEAUTIES
IN SUSSEX

SIR,—On March 14, a warm and sunny day, my wife and I saw a Camberwell beauty butterfly apparently feeding on the sap that had exuded from the stumps of some felled silver birches in a clearing in the woods near here.—C. A. GRIGG, 100, *High Street, Steyning, Sussex.*

[Dr. D. W. Seth-Smith tells us that he saw a Camberwell beauty in a wood near Crowborough, Sussex, on the afternoon of March 27. Its presence, like that of the one seen by Mr. Grigg, stresses the dryness of the recent winter, for though on the Continent Camberwell beauties hibernate as far north as Norway, in this country, to which they are stray immigrants, they seem unable to stand the dampness of a normal winter.—ED.]

WANTED: INFORMATION
ABOUT BRASSES

SIR,—May I, on behalf of the Monumental Brass Society, appeal to your readers for information regarding new, lost, or damaged brasses? One of the objects of the Society is to ensure the



WHAT CASTLE IS THIS?

See letter: An Unidentified Castle

preservation of these memorials, and to this end we seek to maintain as complete a list as possible of all brasses throughout the country. We are at all times anxious to learn of new discoveries or to hear of loose or defectively fixed brasses. To this must now be added the need to collect all information of war damage.—REGINALD H. PEARSON, Monumental Brass Society, 85, *Addiscombe Road, Croydon, Surrey.*

WILMOT PORTRAITS

From the Earl of Lisburne

SIR,—I was interested in the portrait of Lady Lisburne reproduced among your *Collectors' Questions* (COUNTRY LIFE, January 23), as I was not aware of this picture. I have the following Wilmot portraits:—

1. *Lady Anne Wilmot* (30 ins. by 25 ins.). Eldest daughter of John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester, born 1669, married (1) Henry Baynton of Spy Park, (2) Frances Greville, eldest son of 5th Lord Brooke.

2. *Lady Elizabeth Wilmot* (30 ins. by 25 ins.). Second daughter. Born 1672 (?), married 3rd Earl of Sandwich.

3. *Lady Malet Wilmot* (30 ins. by 25 ins.). Third daughter. Born 1675, married John, 1st Viscount Lisburne. This picture was the property of the Earl of Sandwich, and was exhibited at the Burlington House Exhibition in 1906.

4. *Lady Malet* (30 ins. by 25 ins.). This portrait is earlier than No. 3.

The above four pictures have been attributed to Kneller or Dahl.

5. *Lady Elizabeth and Lady Malet with Lamb* (60 ins. by 50 ins.). Attributed to Wissing.

6. *John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester* (50 ins. by 40 ins.). Attributed to Lely.

7. A copy of the above (30 ins. by 25 ins.).

8. *Elizabeth Malet, Countess of Rochester* (30 ins. by 25 ins.). Mother of Lady Elizabeth and Lady Malet. Attributed to Mytens.

I have compared the picture which you reproduced with No. 2 above, and think there can be little doubt that it is of Lady Sandwich, not Lady Lisburne. The pose of the head in the smaller picture is exactly the same as in the larger. It might easily be a copy. There is a picture by Dahl of Elizabeth, Countess of Sandwich (wife of the third Earl), reproduced in

The Way of the Montagues, by Bernard Falk. I have compared this with the picture illustrated and with my picture, and it strengthens my belief that they are of the same person. It would be interesting to know the number of portraits of this family existing and where they are.

I enclose photographs of the portraits of Lady Elizabeth and Lady Malet with lamb (No. 5) and of their father, the Earl of Rochester (No. 6).—LISBURN, 1, *St. James's Street, S.W.1.*

PUZZLE OF A KNOLE
PAINTING

SIR,—Apropos of Mr. Ramsay's query in your issue of March 26, I believe that Lady Frances Cranfield, in the Knole portrait part of which you illustrated, is wearing on her left thumb and wrist the gold ring and silken cord which leashed her falcon. The gloves give symbolic emphasis, as they were habitually worn for this exclusively aristocratic sport.—S., *Greengate, Church Lane, Bursledon, Southampton.*

VAN DYCK'S SUNFLOWER
PORTRAIT

SIR,—Mr. Clifford Smith, in his letter of March 12 about Van Dyck's sunflower portrait, does not mention the fine version of the picture which used to hang in the Duke of Westminster's collection at Grosvenor House, and which I always thought was the original *Man with a Sunflower* till I learnt that this had been disproved by my cousin, Sir Lionel Cust. As far as I can remember this picture was sold with other famous pictures from Grosvenor House, and I should be interested to know if it is still in this country.—V. LLOYD (Miss), *Hampshire.*

ABUNDANCE OF
ACORNS

SIR,—In *A Countryman's Notes* of March 12, Major Jarvis comments on the failure of the acorns on his oak trees last autumn. In the north of Lincolnshire, in the Isle of Axholme, I never saw the oak trees so full of acorns, nor did I ever see the latter so large. Many were as large as a medium-sized walnut. As this is an area of small holdings and strip farming, it is impossible to allow the pigs to feed upon them.—F. LINDLEY, *Epworth, Lincolnshire.*

AN UNIDENTIFIED
CASTLE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an 18th-century water-colour in which I have a great interest, and shall be grateful if any of your readers can identify the castle depicted in it.—R. M. WALLEY, *Barford St. Martin, Salisbury, Wiltshire.*

WILD LIFE ON THE
IRRAWADDY

SIR,—Perhaps one of the most interesting jobs that the Sappers had to do in Burma after the war was that of re-opening the railway from Katha to Myitkyina in the far north. Since my headquarters was 200 miles south, near Mandalay, I was afforded a first-rate opportunity of seeing the intervening country while visiting the work. By way of variety I had three alternative methods of doing the trip: (1) Two hours by air, with the Irrawaddy cleaving the forest far below and the Kachin Hills rising into China east of Bhamo; (2) five days and five hundred and fifty miles by road—via Lashio, Bhamo and Mogaung; or (3) an idle two and a half days chugging up the Irrawaddy in a diesel launch. I favoured alternative No. 3—though idleness was not my only motive.

There was always something worth watching as the old Indian boatman worked the launch through the shifting channels, or hugged the inside bank where the river narrowed to half a mile and twisted past the low hills either side of Thabeikkyin. White egrets regarded us nervously as our "chug-chug-chug" disturbed their quest for frogs in the shallows; there was a mob of vultures wrestling with the remains of a drowned buffalo calf; then, overhead, four huge pelicans passed us on the wing in rigid formation and with strong pinions working in exact unison: flap-flap, glide, and again one flap and a glide, as though all were actuated by the same remote control.

Once I spotted a family of about six otters playing on a sandbank. As I watched them through my binoculars, perhaps 100 yards distant, they gambolled like kittens, rolling and sliding on the sandy slope. Then one would dart in and nip the soft tummy of his playmate as he sprawled on his back in the sun.

One day, towards sunset, as we drew in towards Inywa, where we were to tie up for the night, my attention was drawn to a flight of duck which wheeled and pitched on the far side of a sand bar out towards mid-stream. The boatman was soon persuaded to nose the launch in towards the bar, and I hopped into the shallows with my gun to commence a stalk. As I crept



(Left) LADY ELIZABETH AND LADY MALET WILMOT, BY WISSING. (Right) THEIR FATHER, JOHN WILMOT, 2nd EARL OF ROCHESTER

See letter: Wilmot Portraits



along the edge of the sand spit I was suddenly startled by a very loud air-blow in the deep water channel just over my left shoulder. I at once forgot about duck and thought vaguely of Loch Ness monsters and crocodiles. About a minute passed, then two more distinct blows, this time 100 yards upstream—but the sound was too characteristic to mistake. So I raced up the sand as fast as I could go, and this time I was close enough to see the burst of spray and huge shiny backs of two great porpoises as they surfaced with explosive gasps and ploughed onwards against the yellow current of the irrawaddy.

I have since met an officer who tells me he saw porpoises once or twice when stationed at Myingyan, over 200 miles down stream. But surely these two of mine were out for a record, because they were a good 500 miles from the Gulf of Martaban, and were still heading north when I last saw them.—J. D. GROVES (Major, R.E.), Pooks Hill, Crowborough, Sussex.

[The "porpoises" seen by our correspondent were almost certainly Irrawaddy dolphins (*Orcella fluminalis*), a species of cetacean which is restricted to that river and has been seen as far as 900 miles up it.—ED.]

BELVOIR HUNTSMEN

SIR,—In his article, *Ave Foxhounds Being Bred on the Right Lines?* (March 12), Major Paget says: "For 150 years the Belvoir Hounds had been bred by four huntsmen under four Dukes, but from 1870 to 1900 the last two were old men who saw more of their hounds in the kennel than in the field." This is inaccurate. The stud books go back to 1757, but it is not clear who were the huntsmen before Newman, who took office in 1799, to be followed by Shaw, Goosey, Goodall, and Cooper, the last of whom held the position from 1859 to 1870, when he was succeeded by Gillard, who resigned in 1896. During the period of 150 years the title was held by the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th Dukes of Rutland.—L. O. A.

AN ELIZABETHAN PORCH

SIR,—You may care to publish the enclosed photograph of the imposing entrance, known as Solomon's Porch, of Chelvey Court, an old house of Tudor origin at Chelvey, Somerset, now used as a farm-house. Inside the house, which looks more like a fortress than a dwelling, are a magnificent overmantel bearing the arms of Edward Tynte, who built the house, and a fine



SOLOMON'S PORCH (1600), THE ENTRANCE TO CHELVEY COURT, SOMERSET

See letter: An Elizabethan Porch



PART OF THE MAPPA MUNDI PRESERVED IN HEREFORD CATHEDRAL, WITH THE LIBYAN DESERT REPRESENTED (right) BY THE SCIAPOD OR SHADOW-FOOT. (Right) A CARVING OF THE SCIAPOD AT DENNINGTON, SUFFOLK

See letter: Novel Form of Sunshade

Jacobean staircase with a horseshoe nailed to the bottom stair to prevent witches walking up it.—H. G., Bristol.

A SUMMER-HOUSE OF THE 1820s?

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the charming Gothic revival summer-house in the old rectory garden at Barnsley, Gloucestershire. It might have been built about 1820, when the Rev. Richard Musgrave was Rector, but there is no documentary evidence for this, and I wonder whether you could suggest a date, as it looks as if it might be earlier.—D. C. W. VEREY, Abington, Bibury, Gloucestershire.

[Without an actual inspection of this garden house it is difficult to suggest a precise date for it from the photograph submitted.—ED.]

NOVEL FORM OF SUNSHADE

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of one of the bench-ends in Dennington Church, Suffolk, which depicts the Sciapod or Shadow-foot, a creature which, according to the ancients, was reputed to inhabit the Libyan Desert. He is mentioned by Herodotus, by Pliny, who states that he had "great pertinacity in leaping," and by Marco Polo, as well as in the *Mandeville Tales* and the *Romance of Alexander*.

He was stated to possess only one huge foot, on which he used to hop over the desert sands, but when the sole of his foot became uncomfortably hot by this exercise, he lay down and put his foot over his head, thus utilising it as a parasol. Hence he was known as Sciapod or Shadow-foot.

Other accounts state that he was seen only during the rainy season, when he became very active and possessed an enormous appetite which he used to satisfy by eating any little cave-dwellers or other creatures he could capture.

The carving at Dennington is the only one of the Sciapod in England, and the artist has given him two feet instead of one. His face has disappeared, as well as those of the three heads shown under his arm—which have been stated to be the heads of three little cave-dwellers known as Brachmani. In the *Romance of Alexander* they are shown looking out of an opening in their cave, but, presumably for lack of space, the carver has placed them under the arm of the Sciapod.

The only other representation of the Sciapod in this country is that shown in my second photograph, which is of part of the celebrated *Mappa Mundi* preserved in Hereford Cathedral. The Sciapod there represents the Libyan desert.

There are apparently quite a number of these ancient maps of the world in various museums on the Continent, most of which have a

representation of the Sciapod in the Libyan desert.—W. A. CALL, Monmouth.

BRASSES OF THE TRINITY

SIR,—Apropos of the letter in your issue of March 12 about a brass representing the Trinity in Skipton church, Yorkshire, this church was pillaged of its brasses when the castle was besieged during the Great Rebellion. About 1825 four fragments of the Clifford brasses were found during demolition of a house at Thorlby, and preserved at the castle. In 1867, the then Duke of Devonshire renewed the brasses to the first and second Earls of Cumberland, and incorporated in the latter, originally of 1570, the figure of a second son in a tabard, and the curious Trinity, seemingly of earlier date, that you illustrated.



A GOTHIC REVIVAL SUMMER-HOUSE AT BARNSELY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

See letter: A Summer-house of the 1820s?

Trinities were the commonest form of invocatory emblem placed on brasses. Macklin lists nineteen, and others are known; despoiled slabs show the indents of many more; and requests in wills for unknown brasses might well bring the total to three or four score.

They varied in the treatment of the subject, the Dove being sometimes omitted, as at Althorne, Essex. The normal form was a crowned and seated God the Father, with our Lord crucified between His knees, and the Dove above the crucifix. The Skipton example is highly unconventional.

Their prevalence suggests a pardon attached to invocation of the Trinity, and some colour is given to this by the will (of 1491) of William, Lord Berkeley, who was buried in

the Austin Friars, London. He asked for a pardon from Rome, "as large as might be, for plain remission of the sins of all those who shall be confessed and contrite at Longbrigg (where he founded a chantry) from evensong to evensong in the feast of the Trinity, and there say paternosters and 3 aves for my soul. . . ."

Perhaps some of your readers can give more information concerning the possibility of a pardon connected with the Trinity.—R. H. D'ELBOUX, White-lands, Baille, Sussex.

IN KENT

SIR,—The representation of the Trinity on the Black Prince's tomb at Canterbury (March 12) is painted on wood over the tomb and not a brass. There are Trinity brasses in Kent at Cobham (1407 and 1506), Goodnestone,



and Faversham.—C. T. SPURLING (Rev.), Otham Rectory, Kent.

HISTORICAL VALUE OF INVENTORIES

SIR,—Mr. Adams-Acton's letter of March 12, in reply to mine of January 16, raises some interesting but, I think, hardly relevant points regarding Continental furniture. As is well known, France and especially Italy were earlier than England in their use of certain items of furniture.

I do, however, disagree with his view that inventories are "vague and misleading." Firstly, mediaeval inventories did not exist for "reference purposes." An inventory had a more definite meaning and specific use in mediaeval life: it was the means of valuing a person's property at the time of his death. For this reason, thousands of inventories, of both poor and rich alike, were drawn up yearly, not by "agents and others," as Mr. Adams-Acton says, but by skilled inventory writers who knew all about domestic chattels and their value.

Such inventories were attached to wills.

A nation's furniture is tied up with the customs and economic life of its people, and my systematic study of inventories has revealed invaluable knowledge of English domestic life and furniture. For instance, the extracts I have made (listed under centuries) tell me when a certain article of mediaeval furniture first appeared, when it was particularly common and when it declined in general use. These records help me to trace English domestic life from the communal hall to the dining-parlour and the bed chamber, the privacy of which two last-named apartments took several centuries to attain. I have also learnt, *inter alia*, how the open cupboard became the closed cupboard; how the trestle table changed to the joined

table and then the draw-top table; how the plate cupboard became the court cupboard, and that the livery cupboard was a bedroom piece of furniture and the ambry belonged to the pantry; and finally, how much more backward were the customs and the furniture of the people in the north than in the south of this island.

Inventories also record and describe articles of furniture which no longer exist; they describe the furniture woods used in the south and the north of mediaeval England; also whether the furniture was joined or turned, or whether it had been imported—called Danske or Flanders. Inventories are certainly not "vague and misleading" to those who understand their terminology.

In conclusion, I should like to point out that English illuminated MSS. are few and far between and Continental ones do not depict English life, and contemporary literature is

in a living-room and the feet evidence wear on a clean wood floor or work-table, and show neither the scoring or damage that might be expected from use on a hearth-stone nor the rough open-grain surface that results from scrubbing kitchen utensils.

With all due deference, the late Dr. Kirk's boyhood reminiscence must be dismissed as more interesting than accurate in the face of Mr. Grove's photograph of what was probably intended as a "toaster" and which he justly admits is scorched black by the heat of the fire. Surely it must be considered obvious by the least observant that the sliding platform, projecting as it does some inches in front of the prongs, could not have done service for many kippers.—S. W. WOLSEY, 24, Stourcliffe Close, W.1.

BEES' VENOM AS CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

SIR,—With reference to the letter in COUNTRY LIFE of March 19 about the treating of rheumatism with bees' venom, I have recently completed a course of this treatment, commencing with the venom of five stings, and arriving by two injections a week at that of 60 stings. I found no ill-effects whatever; the worst of it was that the rheumatism was not affected either. By advice, I abstained from alcohol during the treatment.

As I know of cases in which the treatment was beneficial, I think it is well that people should not be discouraged from trying it.

There are idiosyncracies to be taken into account in all things of a medical nature.—H. T., Norwich, Norfolk.

RAILWAY RELICS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a barrow and a silver spade presented, in the words of the inscription on the spade, to the Rt. Hon. Lady Bateman on the occasion of turning the first sod of the Leominster and Kington Railway (in Herefordshire) in 1854, and now preserved in Leominster Church. It would be interesting to hear from any of your readers who has come

across similar reminders of the days when private enterprise was establishing a network of railways over the country.—A. ELCOME, Yenworthy, Bullbeggars Lane, Horsell, Woking, Surrey.

RECIPE FOR POT-POURRI

SIR,—I am anxious to make bowls of pot-pourri from my roses this summer. Can you or any of your readers tell me the best method?—OLIVIA HEBER - PERCY (Mrs.), Orchard Cottage, Starrock Lane, Chipstead, Surrey.

There are many recipes for pot-pourri, but those requiring brandy and all the spices of Araby are hardly suitable in view of present shortages. The following one has the merit of being simple and inexpensive:—Petals of fragrant roses and other scented flowers should be gathered about the middle of a dry day. Do not pick up from beds or lawn. Lay them out singly—not overlapping—on newspaper, etc., in a sunny window or dry greenhouse stage and leave them for two or three days. Then toss them over on to more paper and leave them for another two days. Finally, put them into a big basin, strew them with finely powdered common salt at the rate of $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. to a peck of petals, and mix in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of crushed bay salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of old time brown sugar (Barbadoes or foot sugar), $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of gum benjamin, and 2 oz. of shredded orris root. Having thoroughly amalgamated these, turn the mixture into a jar with a perforated lid, sprinkling it while doing so with vinegar and sal volatile. Stir daily for a fortnight, using a silver or plated knife or skewer and keep in a warm dry room. Crimson roses make a better pot-pourri than do mixed kinds, as the colour is better retained. Other scented flowers and foliage may also be used.—ED.]

A SMUGGLER'S HOUSE

SIR,—Those of your readers who have wondered what a real smuggler's house looks like may care to see the enclosed photograph of Thomas Rede's house on Weston Hill, near Beccles, Suffolk. The house is of red brick and was built by Rede (his initials can be seen on the west wall) in the reign of Charles II.



THOMAS REDE'S SUMMER-HOUSE NEAR BECCLES, SUFFOLK

See letter: A Smuggler's House

He declared that it was constructed solely as a summer-house, lofty enough to enable him to gaze across to the North Sea a few miles away, but history tells us that on many a dark night signals were flashed to the smuggling bands landing at Benacre.

As the chimney suggests, the house must have been a three-storey place at one time, and possibly the roof has been lowered. The ceilings are decorated with carvings, depicting flowers and fruit, but alas! these have been so heavily coated with white-wash they are barely recognisable to-day.—CHRISTOPHER ELLIOTT, Hope Villa, Fair Close, Beccles, Suffolk.

TRUMPET-FLOWERS IN CANADA

SIR,—Apropos of your correspondence about trumpet-flowers (*bignonias*), my father was determined to grow one transferred from his old home in southern Ontario, which enjoys a fairly mild climate, to Ottawa, which sometimes has a temperature of 25 degrees below zero. He was derided by his family and friends, particularly when he covered his plant with a hideous box, which was added to as the creeper grew.

Last autumn I had the pleasure of seeing the result of his patience, for the orange trumpet-flower was in bloom, and had attained a height of over twenty feet, covering the whole wall!—J. MURIEL NAIRN, (Mrs.) 9, Aldford House, Park Lane, London, W.1.

[From what our correspondent says it appears that in Canada *bignonias* attain a hardness beyond anything imagined in this country.—ED.]

LETTERS IN BRIEF

Ploughman's Jacket of a Century ago.—Apropos of your correspondence about old farm implements, you may be interested to know that I possess, in a good state of preservation, a coat won by my father at a ploughing match held in 1854 under the auspices of the Cannington (Somerset) Agricultural Association.—JOHN CHAPPLE, 34, Summer Lane, Whipton, Exeter, Devon.

Remains of a Cliff-edge Church.—The heap of masonry on the cliff edge at Dunwich, Suffolk, illustrated in your issue of March 12, though it is part of the tower of All Saints Church, is not the base of the south-west buttress, which had collapsed before 1904.—M. I. R. BARNE (Mrs.), Sotley Hall, Beccles, Suffolk.



BARROW AND SILVER SPADE COMMEMORATING THE BEGINNING OF WORK ON THE LEOMINSTER AND KINGTON RAILWAY IN 1854

See letter: Railway Relics

silent except from a chance remark. Therefore, the furniture student's only available way to pierce the mists that hide the past is by the study of inventories.—R. W. SYMONDS, Tite Street, S.W.3.

TREE WITH SEVEN TRUNKS

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an unusual spruce tree in a wood in the Midlands, which has some seven "trunks" all growing from the same horizontal trunk. Presumably this tree was blown over, but some of its roots held fast and the lateral branches, stretching upwards towards the light, themselves grew to the size of trunks.—GEORGE C. PALLISTER, Bay House, 27, Mount Pleasant, Newcastle, Staffs.

FOR WOOL-CARDING, NOT TOASTING

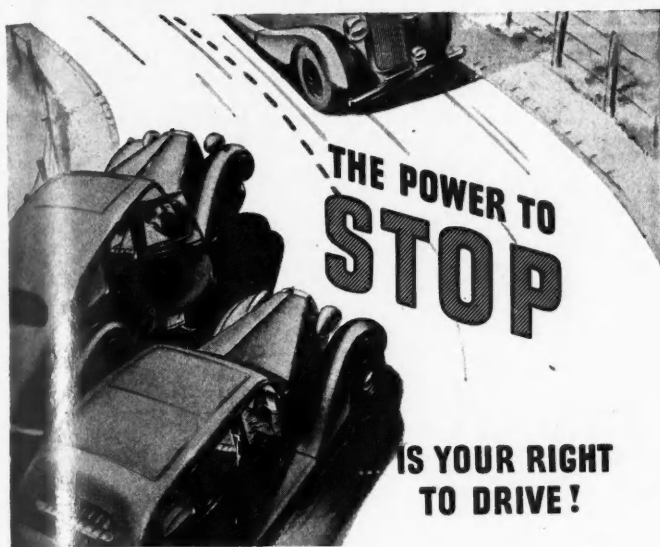
SIR,—Though perhaps unintentionally, Mr. Grove has supplied, in his letter of March 12, some useful information in support of Mr. Ramsey's suggestion that the three-legged apparatus illustrated in your issue of January 30 may have been used for wool-carding. The number of similar examples on show in the Yorkshire museums is surely some indication of their provenance in a wool county. I have had three from the same area and have not seen them elsewhere. All three had sliding platforms and a number of curved iron teeth and none has shown the slightest evidence of having been placed before an open fire.

They are well-made hardwood products of the combined turner-and-joiner's work, with the metal prongs inserted in the cut-off end of the horizontal turning, as it should be, in a thoroughly workmanlike manner. The condition and patinated surface of the wood is consistent with clean handling



RECUMBENT SPRUCE WITH ITS LATERAL BRANCHES GROWN AS TALL AS TRUNKS

See letter: Tree With Seven Trunks



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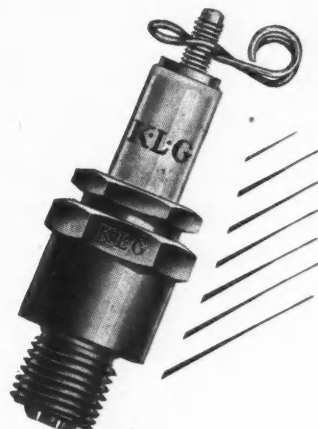
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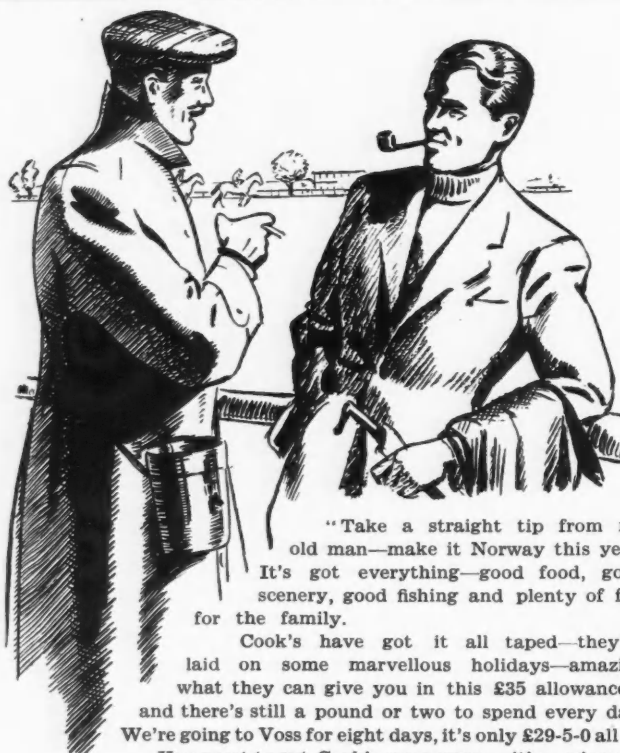
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NEW BOOKS

QUEEN WHO LIVED BY NIGHT

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

A BOOK called *Anna and the King of Siam* has recently had a good deal of success, and has appeared as a film. It was founded mainly on a record called *An English Governess at the Court of Siam*, by A. H. Leonowens. Dr. Malcolm Smith, who practised medicine in Bangkok for 21 years at the beginning of this century, and acted for five of those years as Court physician, is not altogether pleased with the account Miss Leonowens left behind her. In *A Physician at the Court of Siam* (COUNTRY LIFE, 15s.) he writes: "We need not believe all that she said; her books, particularly her second one (*The Romance of the Harem*), show that

Having crawled in, the visitor sat on the floor outside the curtain of the "mosquito house" in the middle of the room which curtained the Queen's bed. She liked to have relays of them, so that she could talk all through the night. "Of her own free will she shunned the light of day like some nocturnal creature. . . . She kept more and more to her bed. During the last year or so of her life, except on special occasions, she never left it."

It was, no doubt, this extraordinary and unnatural manner of living which made her so weak that when, in 1917, she was on a visit to one of her sons, she had to crawl herself. "She was getting frail then, and

A PHYSICIAN AT THE COURT OF SIAM. By Dr. Malcolm Smith (COUNTRY LIFE, 15s.)

ELIXIRS OF LIFE. By C. F. Leyel (Faber, 16s.)

WARRIOR BARD. By Edward and Stephani Godwin (Harrap, 8s. 6d.)

she was gifted with a vivid imagination which at times took charge of her pen."

This is an accusation which, one feels, cannot be brought against Dr. Malcolm Smith. His account tends to be dry and prosy; he shuns highlights; there is a factual feeling in all that he writes.

STUDY OF A DIEHARD

The central character with whom he deals is Queen Saowapa, whose photograph shows us a face remarkably like Mr. Charles Laughton's in his younger days. She was the daughter of King Mongkut, with whom Miss Leonowens had to deal. For many years she was First Queen of King Chulalongkorn, and she was the mother of two kings: Vajiravudh and Prajadhipok. "In her lifetime," says Dr. Smith, "she saw Siam rise out of its long sleep among the backward oriental nations and become a modern and up-to-date country."

This fact appears to have given her little satisfaction. The interesting thing about this account of Queen Saowapa, who died in 1919, is that it is a study of a diehard. "Under the new King the times were changing rapidly, but she would not change with them. In her own little Court she maintained all the ways of life, the etiquette, the subservience, to which she had always been accustomed."

She was an odd creature who turned day into night, and spent day and night alike in bed. The only difference was that in the daytime she slept with the traffic round the palace diverted and with servants in the gardens chasing away singing birds that might disturb her; and at night she sat up in bed, ate her meals and received her visitors. "Everyone, no matter what their rank or relationship, entered her room on their hands and knees. On leaving, they departed as they had come, but moving backwards. . . . Those serving her in the room moved about in the same way. No one, myself excepted, ever stood up."

when she wanted to move about the room would shuffle along the floor on her hands and knees instead of getting up and walking."

She was a woman capable of great generosity, as the author discovered, but capable, too, of complete callousness where the feelings of others were concerned. "Her conception of *noblesse oblige* was a very one-sided one." She was, of course, what generations had made her. The sacred apartness of royalty had been drilled into Siamese heads for so long that it could have disastrous consequences. For example, it was laid down by the law that if, in the course of a boating accident, a Royal person should fall into the water no hand must be laid upon him or her, even to save life. The penalty for breaking this law was death, and the author records a case in which a princess was drowned because the law was observed. It was distressful to one of the more modern Kings that the people did not line the routes when he passed by, shout hurrah and throw up their hats as in Europe. But they had been taught for too long that a King must not even be looked at.

DECLINE OF THE ARTS

Dr. Smith gives a good account of the country, as he knew it, and deplors the decline of the Siamese traditional arts which followed the growing import of goods from Europe. Some of them, however, were rather tawdry, especially the *making* of flowers by building up elaborate structures from the petals of other flowers and occasionally drenching them with *eau de Cologne*. "Other forms of floral decoration were obtained by taking gold and silver bowls for dishes, filling them with clay, and sticking the petals into them to form a pattern as in a mosaic." This method is used in England to this day, especially at Tissington in Derbyshire. There, on Ascension Day, a well-dressing ceremony is held. For weeks beforehand the people work on the making of petal-mosaics impressed into slabs of clay enclosed within

wooden frames. Pictures of a religious significance, about eight foot high by four or five wide, are thus created and placed behind each well. What Dr. Smith says of the Siamese pictures is true of these, too: "A stiff and formal design, interesting and clever, but hardly beautiful."

BENEFICENCE OF HERBS

Mrs. C. F. Leyel, in *Elixirs of Life* (Faber, 16s.), opens our eyes to the richness that lies almost unregarded about us. Her theme is the beneficence of herbs. "Herbs deal not only with the ravages of time, but with the emotions and passions that can destroy the body in youth. St. Ignatius Bean assuages the agony of grief, and eroticism is subdued with infusions of wild thyme—terror is overcome with gelsemium."

"Every appetite, fear, aberration and abnormality has its own appropriate restraining herb as Hahnemann has clearly shown. The art of prescribing becomes a fine art in the herbalist's practice, and yet this knowledge of the specific use of herbs was almost general in England throughout the 16th and 17th centuries."

However, you must know what you are about before venturing to play with herbs. Consider, for example, cassava, which is the tapioca plant. It can sustain or slay. From it bread is made, and also soup. But it is "very poisonous in its natural state until its juice is extracted and the root is dried in the sun, when it is rendered innocuous."

Indians make from it an intoxicating drink; it yields tapioca; "the bitter variety contains prussic acid; the Indians use the juice as an arrow-poison. They boil the leaves and eat them as a vegetable. Medically, they apply the juice and a decoction of the leaves to cuts and bruises." One species of the plant produces wholesome and delicious nuts; but here clearly is a family with dangerously mixed attributes.

THE SUSTAINING BANANA

Mrs. Leyel tells us that the soya bean "is by far the oldest crop grown by man," and that the banana is "so sustaining that three dozen are considered sufficient instead of bread to keep a man for a week."

Some of the very names that crop up in this book are a delight to the ear. Who, for example, would make a wry face at his medicine if it were called Golden Apricot? The Chinese make it and it is "said to have prolonged age to seven hundred years." Then there is Gold of Pleasure, which botanically is mere *camelina sativa*, and which, we are told, was "introduced by the Romans for its oil, which was used for burning." Its lovely name, alas! is satirical. "It is said to have arisen through the disappointment of the cultivators who were encouraged to grow it as a crop, and who regarded it as a failure and a waste of time."

This is an excellent book to browse in. You can learn how to make rose-petal sandwiches; how to fortify the marrow of your bones with bulbs of Crown Imperials; and you come on many amusing facts, as that when Sir Walter Raleigh brought potatoes to this country they didn't get accepted as a popular dish for a hundred years. The Puritans "rejected them because they could find no mention of them in the Bible." Another lovely name meets my eye as I turn the pages—cherisaunce. This is what the wallflower was called in the Middle Ages. Gilly flower—cheri-

saunce—wallflower: it has had more than its fair share of lovely names. Yet to what prosaic, if useful, purposes the herbalist applies it! "It is used to purify the blood, for enlarged glands, for uterine and liver disorders, and by homeopaths for the deafness caused by the cutting of wisdom teeth."

LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS

Edward and Stephani Godwin have collaborated on *Warrior Bard*, a life of William Morris (Harrap, 8s. 6d.). They live in Morris's house, Kelmscott Manor, and they knew May Morris, the warrior-bard's daughter. These facts, no doubt, have contributed to the wholeheartedly hero-worshipping tone of the book. It is written in a rather fictional manner, with much conversation that one takes to be imagined. It is short. In fewer than 200 pages it follows Morris from the cradle to the grave.

The publishers speak of the "vigour displayed" by "Morris's detractors." I would not wish to be numbered among these, but I think that Morris's achievement requires a far more critical assessment than it here receives. As a book for the young who know nothing of the subject and need an introduction to the broad facts unqualified by discussion one way or the other, this little book is well enough. But the boy who used to go rattling round on horseback wearing toy armour and dreaming of knights and ladies while all the background of this adventure was provided by £200,000 won by his father in a lucky speculation: such a boy, and the man who developed out of him, calls for a subtle examination. What we have here never begins to get to grips with William Morris.

A POET'S CHOICE

AS hungry generations tread down their predecessors, a need arises gradually for a fresh anthology of English poetry from a contemporary angle. Thus did the Oxford Books amplify and partially supersede Palgrave; thus now does Mr. Richard Aldington present his *Poetry of the English-Speaking World* (Heinemann, 15s.). With scholarship and a poet's delight he has fulfilled his task and few lovers of poetry will care to be without a volume so rich in content, so seemly in format. Everyone will have his little personal grievances, so here is a brief sample. If only one poem by Edward Thomas, why not one more beloved? And why, for D. H. Lawrence, not even one of his bird, beast, reptile, or insect poems, perhaps the best things he ever did? Nevertheless, this is a fine, full book, to be trusted for its learning and judgment.

Hopkins is represented in it, of course, with his love of

All things counter, original, spare, strange,

and at the same moment appears a life of him, *Gervase Manley Hopkins*, by Eleanor Ruggles (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.), who manages her difficult task well. The tragedy of Hopkins was that he could not trust his poetry to be his religion, and so his life was sadness and often torture. The conflict is all in the portrait of the man: the brow and eyes of a poet, the lips and chin of a priest.

From the dedication to *Collected Verse*, by J. M. Thompson, Honorary Fellow of Magdalen College (Blackwell, 10s. 6d.), one knows the man one is to meet, and one is glad to meet him for his humanity and humour.

*Thus matrimony (did you know it?)
Can turn a parson to a poet,
As Wales, which furnished me a wife,*

Is fairy-land for all my life.

V. H. F.

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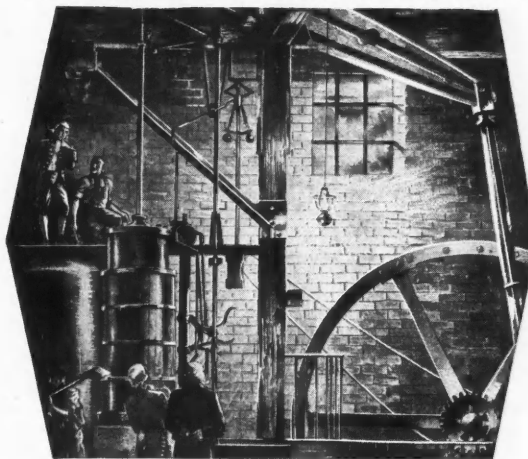
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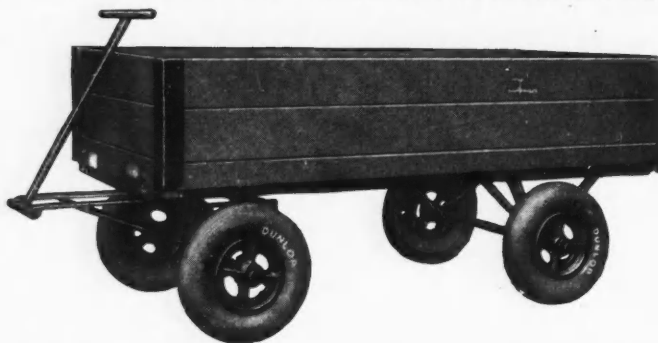
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FARMING NOTES

APRIL SHOWERS

ANTICIPATING April by three days, Easter Monday gave us the first taste of some much-needed showers to refresh the spring corn already showing strongly in the drills. Almost every farmer, I imagine, managed to make a seed-bed to his liking this spring. There was no question of forcing a tilth, and so there were not too many cultivations, which in a dry spring are apt to cost so much soil moisture that the grain when sown hardly has the right conditions to make a strong start. We needed those showers on Easter Monday and, if Providence is to be on our side in winning a full harvest this year, April must give us some really consistent rain. Farmers are wise to keep the rollers going after a dry seed time. It may be true, as the scientists tell us, that a roller, even a heavy one, does little more than consolidate the first couple of inches of the soil and can have little effect on a hollow seed bed made on old turf, but nevertheless I like to see the roller busy in the spring. In my experience it does help to keep the corn growing and healthy when the surface is dry. I have noticed, too, that after the roller the rooks are all the more busy on any sickly patches of corn where the wireworm is at work. Not everyone, I am afraid, has been able to get all the phosphates and potash he wanted for spring sowing. Fertiliser permits have been done away with, but the removal of controls has not signified plenty of fertilisers.

Farm Prices

AFTER the boost given to the schedule of farm produce prices late last August as an incentive to increased output all round, no one expected that the February price review this year would result in any further increases. It is true that several minor items in our costs of production have continued to increase, and more increases are to come, for instance the higher contribution to National Health Insurance which the farmer, in common with other employers, will soon have to pay. There has, however, been some shift of price emphasis within the total sum. The Scots are pleased that the new schedule of controlled prices for fat cattle and fat sheep allows differential increases for the various grades. Instead of the flat increase of 14s. 4d. per live hundred-weight which was applied last August to all grades of steers, heifers and cow heifers, there is now a split made between the different grades so as to give more of the increase to the high-quality beast and less to the B and C grades. A similar differentiation is also being applied to fat sheep prices. Instead of the increase of 5d. a lb. all round on the estimated dressed carcass weight, the first- and second-grade lambs and the first-grade sheep are to get 5½d., and the ewes only 3d. a lb. This is common sense. The price of fat ewes raised last August was providing a strong temptation to some farmers to cash breed stock for meat. We need to keep for breeding all suitable ewes that can carry another crop of lambs. It is a pity that some means has not been found to differentiate in the price schedule between fat wether lambs and fat ewe lambs. Last autumn some ewe lambs were sold for slaughter which could, to the country's advantage, be kept for breeding.

Mr. J. N. McClean

THE Overseas Food Corporation, whose first major project is the ground-nut scheme in Tanganyika, has invited Mr. J. N. McClean to act as the Corporation's advisory agriculturist. Mr. McClean is well known to farmers in England and Wales through the long service he gave as Deputy

President of the N.F.U. until he resigned at the end of last year. It was no doubt a disappointment to him, as it certainly was to his friends, that he did not succeed to the presidency. Now he is to apply his experience to wider fields. He may even succeed in persuading the Minister of Food not to issue any more optimistic forecasts about the acreages of the African bush that will be cleared and cropped with ground-nuts in the immediate future. Everyone seems to be agreed that the men on the spot at Kongwa, Urambo and Lindi are doing a first-rate job in the face of great difficulties arising from the poor transport facilities, lack of spare parts for heavy machinery, and the uncertainties of the rainfall and soil in areas where no human being has ever really farmed before. There are so many impediments about the ground-nut scheme that the chief men of the Overseas Food Corporation and the Minister of Food himself will be wise to count their chickens only when they are hatched. As a Hampshire farmer, Mr. McClean will certainly be cautious about any forecast he makes.

Wages During Sickness

AN important judgment has been given in the Court of Appeal which farmers should note because it deals with a point on which the law always seemed to be at variance with common sense. It has always been held that, under the Agricultural Wages Act, 1924, a farmer was bound to continue paying wages indefinitely to a worker who went sick and that he could end his obligation only by giving a week's notice to the man. The test case heard by the Court of Appeal was concerned with a man who was ill and unable to work for several months. His employer did not pay him wages, and he made a claim against him which was allowed by the County Court. The judgment in the Court of Appeal declared that it would be unfair to extend the scope of the Act to cover such a case as this. The County Court judge dealt with an absence from work amounting to a whole week or longer on the same basis as the Act regarded odd days, and in that respect he came to a wrong decision. Leave to appeal to the House of Lords has been granted, so we shall hear more of this case. In practice, so far as my own experience goes, farmers are reasonable men about this matter of payment of wages during sickness. The general rule in my part of the country is to pay a sick man his full wages for the first week and then, if his recovery is likely to be a long affair, agree with him to make up his sickness benefit to his full wage.

Pigs and Poultry

MR. TOM WILLIAMS can still give no "all clear" signal for the expansion of the pig and poultry industries in this country. The best he can do is to hope that there will be enough feeding-stuffs to maintain the pigs and poultry we already have. We are still clinging apparently as a matter of policy to the scale of feeding-stuffs allocations allowed by what is commonly called I.E.F.C., that is the International Emergency Food Committee. The United States dominates this body, and while farmers and consumers in America enjoy vastly expanded pig and poultry industries using grain freely for their maintenance, Britain meekly accepts the rulings of I.E.F.C. about the quantities of grain and other feeding-stuffs she may obtain in the world. This applies even to the British Colonies. If they grow more maize or have any surplus grain to export it cannot be sent here without the consent of I.E.F.C. CINCINNATI

THE ESTATE MARKET

SALTWOOD CASTLE
FOR SALE

LADY CONWAY OF ALLINGTON has given instructions for the sale, by private treaty, of Saltwood Castle, which stands on a promontory overlooking the Channel one mile from Hythe, Kent. Although the chief periods of construction were the 12th and late 14th centuries, it is probable that a fort existed there in Roman times; certain it is that in 833 Saltwood was granted to the Church of St. Mary at Lyminge by charter of King Egbert. A deed, dated 1026, and bearing the signature of Canute, suggests that at that time Saltwood was an agricultural property, for a passage from it reads that the estate was given "to the Church of Christ in Canterbury, to the monks there, for their table support, for the remedy of my (Canute's) soul, and for the soul of Leofeda, my wife. . . ." Forty years later Saltwood became the property of Archbishop Lanfranc, and the Domesday Book records that it was held by Hugo de Montfort, presumably on behalf of the Archbishop.

BECKET'S MURDER PLANNED

SALTWOOD'S long association with the Church was to have momentous consequences, for the Crown's seizure of the estate was a bone of contention between Thomas à Becket and Henry II. Indeed it was at Saltwood that Randolph de Broc, a sworn enemy of Becket, received the four knights who murdered the Archbishop in Canterbury Cathedral, and where, on December 28, 1170, so the story goes, "the five sat far into the night, with candles snuffed, for they feared to see one another's faces, planning the bloody deed." Saltwood remained Crown property until John's reign, when once again it passed to the Church. Towards the end of the 14th century it came into the possession of Archbishop Courtenay, to whom it probably owes the beauty of its unique gatehouse, the towers of which are among the earliest examples of the Perpendicular style of architecture.

STRAW FOR QUEEN BESS

THE accession of Henry VIII heralded another change for Saltwood, for it is written that "Archbishop Cranmer . . . observing the murmurs that his possession of this and other sumptuous houses brought on him, found himself obliged to part with most of them and accordingly, in 1540, conveyed the manor and castle to the King." Later, Elizabeth visited Saltwood, and the Hythe municipal accounts contain the entry:

2s. for straw and cleane rushes for the Queen's dining room.
10d. for the shoeing of Sir Walter Raleigh's horse.

In 1580 the castle suffered severe damage as a result of an earthquake. From then onwards it passed through the ownership of a number of families until, in the late 18th century, it became the property of Mr. William Deeds, who began the work of restoring and adding to the gatehouse and converted it into a spacious dwelling-house. His work was continued by Lady Conway, with the help of Mr. Philip Tilden, and the restoration has been so skilfully effected that the appearance and character of the historic building remains unimpaired. Saltwood, which is in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Hatch and Waterman, was described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of November 20 and 27 and December 4, 1942.

AN HISTORIC SCOTTISH HOME

AN announcement that Melville House, Fife, with 1,200 acres is offered for sale on behalf of the

executors of the late Earl of Leven and Melville will have quickened the interest of Scottish historians. It was in 1692 that George, first Earl of Melville, built himself a large house at Monimail and employed James Smith, a celebrated architect of that time, to advise him on its decoration.

The first Earl's family were ardent Royalists, and it was fortunate for him that he did not come of age until Charles II was on the throne; even then he was not welcome at Court, for he was a staunch Presbyterian and at that time the Duke of Lauderdale and his Covenanters had the King's ear. However, the Earl's guardianship of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch, took him to London, where he met her husband, the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, and with him took part in the campaign against the Scotch Covenanters in 1679 when he used his influence in a vain effort to prevent the battle of Bothwell Bridge.

His association with Monmouth led to his being charged with complicity in the Rye House Plot of 1685, but he escaped to Holland, where he was favourably received by the Prince of Orange. He returned to England in 1689 when the Prince acceded to the throne, and was straightway appointed Secretary of State for Scotland, a position that he filled with distinction during the difficult years that followed. He died in 1707.

RESPONSIBLE FOR FOUR TITLES

THE marriage of George Melville to Lady Catherine Leslie, daughter of Lady Balgonie, and grand-daughter of the first Earl of Leven, was responsible for the Earldoms of Leven and Melville being united, for David, the eldest surviving son of the marriage, acquired the Earldom of Leven on the death of his cousin, the Countess Catherine, grand-daughter of Lady Balgonie. He thus became an earl in his own right before his father's death.

Lady Balgonie indeed was to exercise a devastating effect on others of the great families of Scotland. She married, as her second husband, Francis, Earl of Buccleuch, and bore him two daughters, one of whom, Anne, became Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch. Finally, this remarkable woman took as her third husband, David, second Earl of Wemyss, presented him with a daughter and so was responsible for the transmission of no fewer than four titles, those of Leven and Melville and Buccleuch and Wemyss.

The disposal of Melville House is in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

LORD BROWNLOW'S NORMANTON ESTATE

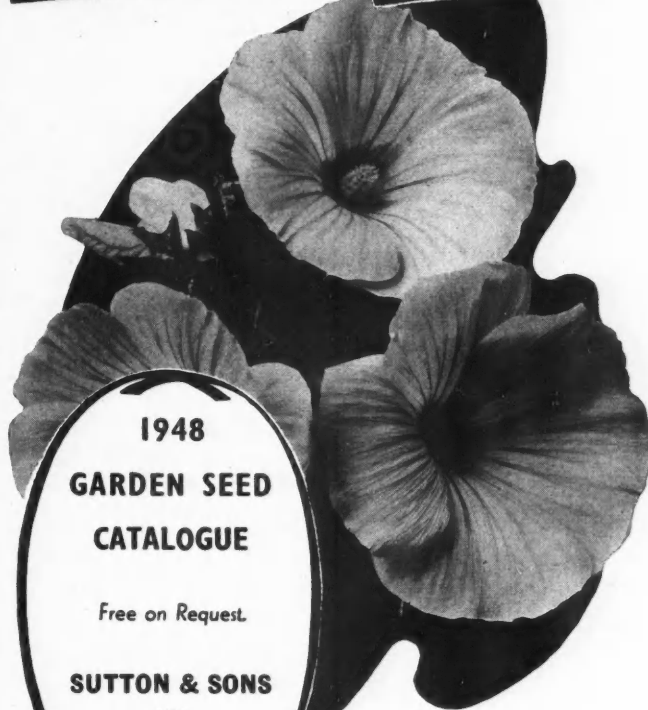
LORD BROWNLOW'S Normanton Estate, of about 1,500 acres, comprising three farms, numerous small-holdings, and practically the whole of the village of Normanton, about six miles from Grantham, Lincolnshire, has been bought as an investment by clients of Messrs. Lofts and Warner.

Reaside Manor House, with two farms, and 490 acres at Cleobury Mortimer, Shropshire, has been sold by auction for £17,000. The purchaser was Mr. E. H. Walters, of Birmingham, who was represented by Messrs. Garrard, Wolfe and Co., solicitors, and the sale was conducted by Russell, Baldwin and Bright, Ltd., of Tenbury Wells.

The Home Farm, Tring, Buckinghamshire, once the property of the late Lord Rothschild, has been sold privately by Messrs. Jackson-Stops and Staff, acting for the executors of the late Mr. Max Kleeman. The property, which includes a modern house and model farm buildings, extends to 114 acres.

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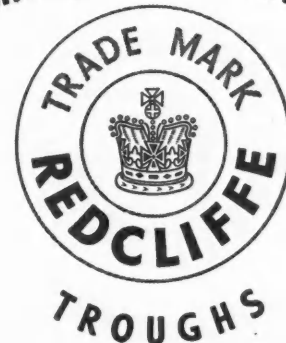
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Selita smock the full skirt of their shell pink crêpe. The rosy hat is by Simone Mirman



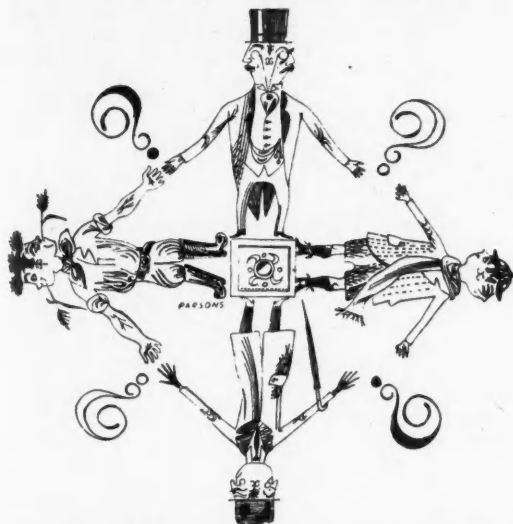
Dove grey wool with gored skirt, sloping shoulders and a gathered white lawn bib. Louis Levy from Jays

THE styles of this summer look extremely well made up in light washing fabrics, and the collections are full of pretty frocks for every kind of occasion. Vast skirts are gored or circular, gathered as fully as they can be or box-pleated into tight bodices in much the same way as they are for the more elaborate afternoon frocks. The same applies to the necklines, which are high and plain and button down the back or are scooped out to a low oval, square or wedge shape. But there is an important change in fashion: even the bunched skirts and low bodices have managed to shed all the peasant influence that has been so prominent. Many dresses are shown with frilly basques, or are tucked or smocked over the hips and then worn over panniers of some kind. The plain tailored slim frock still makes its appearance in heavy materials such as linen, sharkskin, marcella, or a hopsack rayon, when it buttons down the front and usually has three-quarter sleeves or a very tiny cap sleeve. Sleeves on the full-skirted dresses have also become much shorter.

The newest colours are the slate blues, the dove greys, a mole brown, tea rose, and shell pinks. There is also a charming lavender blue that looks very cool and a mushroom, both of which are set off very well by white touches. Patterns are tiny and many dresses are in the pin stripes, polka dots and minute checks beloved by the Victorians. Two of the prettiest dresses in the Dorville collection for mid-summer are in tones of grey and white in fine Sea Island cotton. One, with white polka dots on a French grey ground, has an immensely wide gored skirt with a deep stiffened, stitched hem. The gores are tapered to the trim waist, which has a sash in the same material in lime green and white. The top of the dress has minute sleeves and a lowish halter neckline. A smaller white dot on a darker donkey brown ground is made with a full gathered skirt divided in three bands by deep tucks, and a shirt top. Nothing could have been fresher looking than these two dresses which typify the new fashions in line, colour and design. An excellent example of the straight dress by Dorville is in white sharkskin. It has round shoulders, elbow sleeves, a corselette waist and a box pleat set in the front of the slender mid-length skirt.

(Continued on page 748)

WELL-KNOWN BRITISH HABITS

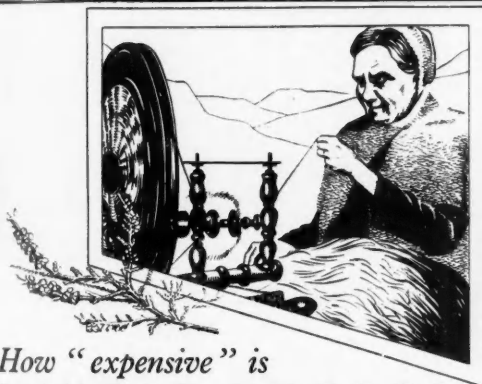


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(Right) A cloth coat-frock in a blue that is brighter than navy with a circular skirt. Selita from Marshall and Snelgrove, Birmingham

Gypsy head-dresses that hide the hair are featured in the Marcus and Frederick Starke collections with slim print dresses for beach and garden. The scarves cover the hair completely save for a rim on the forehead, and fall in a point to the middle of the back. The sophisticated dresses tend to be of the wrap-around sarong type in bright mixed colours—very different in line from the full-skirted frocks that spring out from the tiny waists and are Victorian in feeling and colour.

MARCUS show polka-dot tie silk dresses and jumper suits for hot days in town, navy dotted with pink, cinnamon brown with white. Groups of rolled pleats are concentrated in front of the moderately wide skirts. Minute checks in cool-looking mixtures of grey and white are shown in superfine worsted for ensembles of a tailored dress with white dickey front under a long, waisted coat or a tailored jacket. Dorville show a check in mixed greys for a frock in a fine crisp rayon of much the same texture as an alpaca. This has an immensely wide skirt of gores that fall into deep rippling pleats, and a shirt top, and would make a wonderful travelling dress for a hot day or an office dress for town.

For blazing hot days Dorville show marcella cotton frocks in chalk white, tea-rose pink and sulphur yellow, the skirts slightly gored and emerging from closely-fitting hips, often set in with a deep flat tuck. For cool days they like jersey; show a smart black jersey suit with a waist-length golf-type jacket lined to match the sky blue and white printed blouse. The tiny revers on the jacket are faced with the silk,



and white and with the colour repeated on the hemline and the short sleeves. For summer evenings, Walpole shows a flowery organdie with a vast gored skirt, ankle-length, a folded top that forms brief sleeves, and a low wedge-shaped décolletage. At Harvey Nichols are grey and white pin-striped cottons with white half-crown dots round the wide hems and on the bodice.

and the suit resembles a coat-frock with a gilet front with the jacket on. For travelling and the seaside they make a check tweed coat in many colours with full gathered back held by a belt.

The Laeta Ramage collection contains charming linen frocks, suits and hopsack rayon coats. The frocks are on straight pleated lines, some of the popular button-through type and box-pleated from the yoke to the hem with the pleats stitched over the hips and then released. The linens are plain or have a drawn thread shadow stripe or checker-board effect, and a straw colour is particularly smart.

An innovation in price levels has been made by Brenner Sports, who are showing summer dresses at prices between the Utility range and the ceiling price. I saw an excellent suit in crêpe with an all-over fern design in chocolate brown and aquamarine on a white ground which they make up as a tailored hip-length jacket over a kilted skirt. A frock with a wide hemline and a skirt caught by a gauged band above a deep flounce is in one of the popular half-inch checked silks. Sleeves barely cover the top of the arms, so that the yardage lost on the skirts is gained on the sleeves.

Candy-striped cottons designed by Walpole are gathered or box-pleated into tight waistbands with shirt tops, and they button down the front so that they can be laundered easily. A white linen with a circular skirt has a square neckline bordered with an inch of pin-striped scarlet

and the colour repeated on the hemline and the short sleeves. For summer evenings, Walpole shows a flowery organdie with a vast gored skirt, ankle-length, a folded top that forms brief sleeves, and a low wedge-shaped décolletage. At Harvey Nichols are grey and white pin-striped cottons with white half-crown dots round the wide hems and on the bodice.

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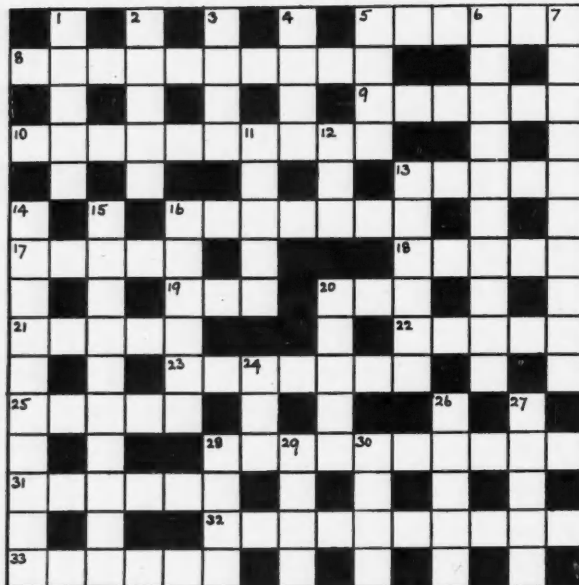
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CROSSWORD No. 948

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 948, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, April 15, 1948.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address

SOLUTION TO No. 947. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of April 2, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Eastertide; 6, Ovid; 9, Primitives; 10, Ills; 12 and 13, Stream-lined; 16, Ichabod; 18, Deaf ear; 19, Besmear; 21, Musk-rat; 22 and 23, Latin verses; 27, Craw; 28, Ineligible; 29, Land; 30, Bed of roses.

DOWN.—1, Espy; 2, Slim; 3, Edict; 4, Tail-end; 5, Dreamed; 7, Volunteers; 8, Desiderate; 11, Always; 14, Diabolical; 15, Ghost train; 17, Blenny; 20, Revenge; 21, Murillo; 24, Elgar; 25, This; 26, Bess.

ACROSS

5. She chews the cud now (3, 3)
8. Poor claret (anagr.) (10)
9. One way to show the flag (6)
10. Almost cutting the slices on the Norfolk coast (10)
13. Symbols of authority borne (5)
16. Transgress (7)
- 17 and 18. His work is on the line rather than at the table (10)
- 19 and 20. "Will you write me a — in praise of my beauty?"—Shakespeare (6)
21. Dostoevsky character (5)
22. It takes more than a lake to be uncanny (5)
23. "A — city half as old as Time."
—J. W. Burgon (7)
25. Unsteady (5)
28. Chichester, Rochester, Winchester (10)
31. The Virgin Queen (6)
32. Uncle (10)
33. Substitute for a button on a Duffel coat (6)

DOWN

1. The clue for 23 across describes it (5)
2. Take pains? Not he, the rascal! (5)
3. The stag has been called its monarch (4)
4. To do this the artist needs a 17 across (4)
5. "Not a — was heard, not a funeral note."
—C. Wolfe (4)
6. Immortalised by the poet at Stoke Poges (10)
7. Is it lined with stocks or stones? (4, 6)
11. How wood is produced but not metal (5)
12. You can take her either way (3)
13. Gone is the snow (6)
14. Rain at a cricket match (10)
15. Giving a tan (anagr.) (10)
16. Tiring place for a meeting (6)
- 20 and 24. What 30 down gets merged in (5, 3)
26. No, not a straight character (5)
27. Enough to turn a sole bitter (5)
- 28 and 29. Where people live under a table (8)
30. European river (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 946 is

Miss A. Lowther,
Campsea Ashe,
Woodbridge,
Suffolk.

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